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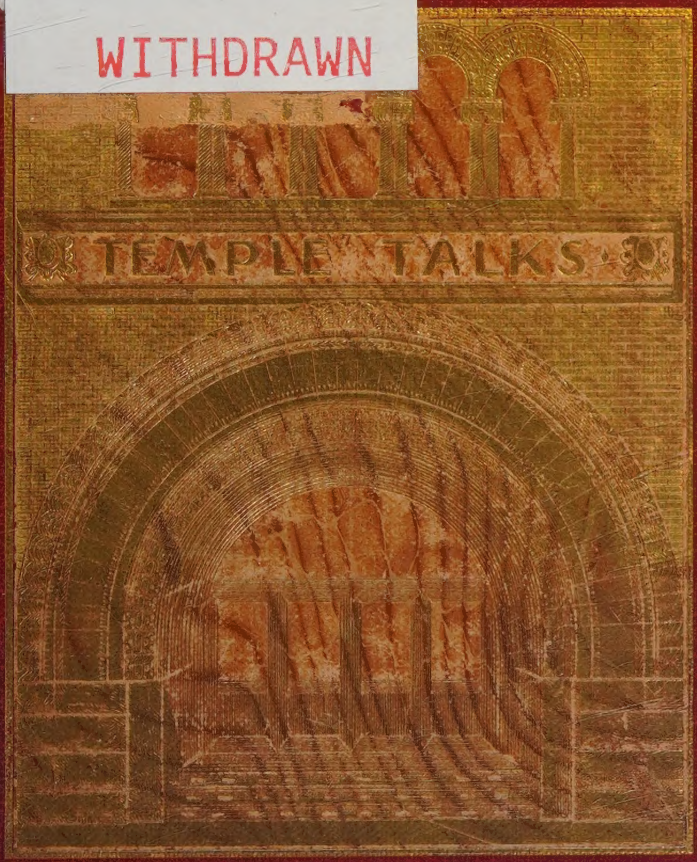

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TEMPLE TALKS

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BY
MYRON W. REED
IN BROADWAY THEATER

7523

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TO ALL
SORTS AND CONDITIONS
OF MEN

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The Broadway Temple Association, before whom these "talks" were delivered, was organized and incorporated in January, 1895, and began services in the Broadway Theater, Denver, Colorado, February 1, of the same year. Rev. Myron W. Reed, for eleven years pastor of the First Congregational church of that city, is its minister. The organization is non-sectarian, having no ecclesiastical connections whatever. The membership is open to all who believe in the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." The association has no constitution, by-laws or creed.

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TEMPLE TALKS

I

THE EVOLUTION OF THE TRAMP

I HAVE selected a few texts. One I found in the Nineteenth Century Magazine: "The millionaire is the romantic figure of the century. The heroes who put to flight by their unaided prowess whole armies of enemies have ceased to interest us. We give our admiration to the marvelous being, who, from the retirement of his sanctum, controls the commerce of the world and makes the clothing and food of mankind cheap, or by preference dear."

Here is another from William Morris, poet and socialist: "It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do, and which shall be done under such conditions as would make it neither overwearisome nor over-anxious."

Here is another from John Stuart Mill: "It is questionable if all the improvements in machinery have lightened the day's toil of a single man." And here is another from Matthew Arnold: "All men are tories by nature when tolerably well off." And Wendell Phillips gave me a text, "Nihilism is the last weapon of victims choked and manacled beyond all other resistance."

And here is one from St. Paul: "The husbandmen that labor must be first partakers of the fruits."

I have met true gypsies in Europe and America. They are not tramps. Uniformly they have good horses, wagons, tents and good health. They are a race, a brotherhood of wanderers. They trade horses and tell fortunes. Their life on the road and in the open has agreed with them.

Then there is the American old-fashioned gypsy. I used to meet him in Indiana. His normal state is moving. He and his are born with the curse of the wandering foot. Except in the dead of winter the mud never dries on their old canvas-covered wagon. They are always going somewhere. Nothing stops them

but an unfordable river. They are laconic, say nothing but "want over." I have seen them moving to all points of the compass. They are mostly native Americans. You discover that by their names. You will see these wagons in Indiana, Missouri, Arkansas. I saw them last summer in camp along the Bear and Elk rivers. Fishing a little, shooting a little, come from no place in particular, going to no particular place. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof and the good thereof.

From Gay's "Beggars' Opera" and Burns' "Jolly Beggars" I conclude that the tramp in the old world is not a new thing. Robert Burns saw them at Poosie Nancy's and photographed them.

The jolly beggar of Scotland one hundred years ago had in some way or other lost his grip on the land. So he went around the countryside, picked up cold victuals and at evening rendezvoused at Poosie Nancy's, warmed up the cold stuff and made a night of it.

Old world people, unfortunate trespassers on the face of the earth, in some mysterious

way migrated to America. Here there was room for a man and his family to have a home, a permanent foothold on land of their own. And there is room. All the people of the United States, if they were friends, could live in Texas. But we have so botched the thing that men think they must go to Cherokee strip or Alaska.

That a country like this should develop the modern American tramp is shameful. Shameful to the heart and shameful to the intellect of a nation great in numbers: not very great in anything but quantity.

There are plenty of preachers in the West. What one of them has a word to say of the murder of unarmed Indians by a lot of armed cowboys? They prefer to talk of the discovery of a page of the life of Jesus Christ! I discovered the life of Jesus Christ in several pages before I was six years old.

One page of the life of Jesus Christ put into action would much help the world. I do not know that any one around here has any private wire from Egypt to Denver. I do not think that the ten-cent magazines overlook any modern discovery of an ancient

thing. As it is, we know vastly more of Jesus Christ than we live up to.

A live man is more interesting than any mummy. The mummy will keep. He is a well-preserved man. When we have made the living comfortable then we can amuse ourselves with a dead and buried Egypt.

At present we ought to be busy with living things. There are people who are chilly and hungry. If you are observant while you are going home to dinner you will meet them. The man who has not the nest of a bird or the den of a fox in all this broad country interests me. I have met him on the street; I have met him in my home,—the man disinherited, no home except the highway; on that he must move on and be bespattered by a pair of bob-tailed horses which have had their spines shortened.

The American tramp came in the same day that the American millionaire was born. One of them will kill the other unless an intelligent society peaceably disposes of both.

I am acquainted with the tramp. The door bell rings, not the short peremptory ring of the letter carrier or the dun, it is a

feeble, dubious ring. He does not know whether the people within are Christian or heathen. The door opens and enters the tramp. His coat is pinned together at the neck. His shoes have given out at the side and run down at the heel. He also has a cold or the cold has him. He says he wants work. Perhaps he lies. I only know that I can not prove it.

I do not to-day know where there is any work. Wherever there is a vacant pulpit it is besieged. Wherever there is any shoveling to be done there are shovelers in waiting. There is a steam and iron shoveler that is a great favorite with contractors.

If the present social system is right, then there is an overproduction of mankind.

As things are there are too many people. They are standing round ready to snatch another man's job. A man who has a gift, and a gift improved so that he can do some one thing better than anybody, has a chance to live. There are men who can handle horses and wind and steam and electricity, but how few of us can pass from one thing to another without starvation?

Under the present system of industry a boy and girl must have genius and genius trained. What is to become of people who have no training?

I do not know what to say to people who ask me to direct them to work. Here is a thin slip of a man. He could not work in a mine. He has New England lungs. He would last in a mine as long as he would last at foot-ball. I might tell him to go and write poetry. As we are, the average man has a poor show.

Easy it is for me to remember when every village had shops where the whole of a thing was made. One man made a wagon, another an ax, and another made shoes. Now a man in a big shop in a roaring big city makes the twentieth part of a thing. A friend of mine could temper a gun barrel. He is sick and comes to Denver. Will some one tell me what he can do here?

Without food a man will starve in nine days. Nine days is not time enough in which to learn another trade. In making the transition from one trade to another a man has enough time to become a tramp. Not every

man can saw wood; steam can saw all the wood.

Under this system if I could invent a labor-saving machine I would not do it. If I could invent a labor-making machine I would. Go into an agricultural machine factory and you will see 600 men doing the work that twenty-five years ago required more than 2,000 men.

These wheat factories of Minnesota, Dakota and California, these immense wheat farms, raise tramps as well as wheat. In harvest the proprietor required hundreds of men; when harvest is over he requires perhaps ten. The extra force tramp. You can see their fires from San Francisco to San Diego. In one way or another the tramp lives off the country. Simply to see him makes a thoughtful man a socialist.

I do not want the earth; I desire to live in a comfortable earth.

The tramp is often dirty, uncombed and generally unpleasant. The slouch and shuffle and unmanly front is not necessarily there because of a lack of brains or heart. The lack of a shirt will account for it. George Wash-

ington in continental coat and powdered hair fronts the world with a Virginia look. But let him hit the road, sleep in hay-stacks, eat cold victuals, and the father of his country will not be recognized by his child.

Once in a while, by stress of circumstance, I have registered at a fashionable hotel, and the clerk has looked me over. Blue shirt, torn corduroys and moccasins did the business for me. I was off the reservation. I was promptly assigned to the meanest room in the house. Not an article of furniture in the room that was not fractured.

With dirt, rags, general shabbiness, and shirt collar turned wrong side out and black on the edge come rudeness of manner and coarseness of speech.

If you do not take care of rabbits, give them a chance to take care of themselves; lest they quarrel and bite and die. I expect that well-fed people, well-housed, with books and music and horses, will behave decently. I am disappointed sometimes. But conditions, with me, are more than heredity. The children of poverty do better than I thought they would.

Before a good fire in the grate, with plenty of porterhouse steak and onions, with no duns at the door and a good friend, man or book, at hand, one ought to feel well and act decently. But the tramp is out in the weather. He is not a member of a club, the rich man's saloon. He is a member of the saloon, the poor man's club. I suppose that if I give him a dime he will spend it for whisky or beer and whatever there is of free lunch. I let him do what he pleases with his dime.

The tramp is a product of our kind of civilization. He is a warning to us that our social system has failed.

Let us try something else. Personally, I only ask a decent living. I insist that my neighbor shall have a decent living. I do not like to see women and men sliding down because they can not earn a living without sliding down. There is altogether too much waste of natural good human life.

The indifference of people saddens me. There have been several murders committed in this state. Indians murdered. I have letters from responsible people who live in Colorado and Utah who can be summoned by a

court as witnesses. These frontier assassins are at large. They are sitting around a fire and telling the small boys of the neighborhood of their heroic exploit—killing, among others, two Indian women and one baby. They are the heroes of a tobacco-splashed saloon.

Whatever the Indian of to-day is we made him, and he wears our shoddy blanket and he eats our government steer. And we have raised Americans to kill him while unarmed he is loading his pony to go. It is a shameful, dastardly thing.

And this scum of the earth are still at large. And as I read, Steamboat Springs holds a meeting and congratulates these products of the soil.

We took the land from the Indian because he did not use it well. What acre of land did a deputy game warden ever cultivate? What good did a deputy game warden ever do on earth? He is next to a deputy sheriff. The game warden of this state would do well to make an inventory of his deputies. The bulk of the people of this state are trying to make an honorable living, but they are much ob-

structed by men clothed with a little brief authority who kill an Indian and then lie, and then lie down to pleasant dreams.

II

A RETURN TO NATURE

IT IS written: "The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar. And he was driven from men and did eat grass as oxen, and his hair was wet with the dew of heaven till his hair was grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws"

We find curious and strange stories in the Bible. But we find curious and strange stories in Shakespeare. And there is nothing more curious or strange than what we find in life. Was the hand that came and wrote the fateful words on the wall of the banqueting hall of Belshazzar a real hand? It was real to him. He had been thinking that he was not full weight. Did Constantine, marching on Rome, see a cross in the sky and with the words, "In this sign conquer"? He did. What was it made of? Of his own hope and trust and imagination.

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Did the witches meet Macbeth on the blasted heath and say "King that shall be"? Or was it but the echo of the voice of his own ambition? Did Joan of Arc hear the "beautiful voices" telling her to save France, bidding her to leave her sheep and spinning and lead a nation? She heard them and obeyed them. What were those voices made of? In these things I can only ask questions.

I have heard great men in the tragedy of "Othello," I have read the words over and over. A sane man wonders that Othello could have acted on such slight evidence. But "trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ." What is no proof to us is proof to the Moor. Painfully interesting it is to see the poison work on him. "Dangerous conceits are in their natures, poisons, which at the first are scarce found to distaste, but with a little act upon the blood, burn like the mines of sulphur." Othello at the last is like the orderly, prosperous, peaceful Mount Vernon road after the cloudburst has played upon it.

Ophelia is only one of many who seeks a grave. She is only "one more unfortunate

weary of breath." There is no sadder face in Shakespeare than some I have seen in Denver. I can find Lear—old men out in the cold, with living children in where it is warm. I can find mothers who care nothing for their children, and children who care nothing for their mothers. We who have lived a few years can not be much surprised at the course of human nature.

I find that the most charitable men in their judgment of men are physicians and lawyers. The more practice they have, the more excuses and justification they have for irregularities in human conduct. The most severe, the most implacable judge is a man who has never thought, never read, never traveled, never felt, never sinned. He is a man who never has a doubt. He has not working brains enough to arrive at a doubt. Doubts are in his way, but he has not journeyed far enough to come up with them.

A man who says that he never had a doubt in matters of faith wears a No 6 hat, and if he needs a larger size it is by reason of much hair and very coarse hair.

There are two kinds of peace—one this side

of doubts, a very ordinary peace, and one the other side, where doubts have been fought through and fought down, like the peace of Bushnell and Robertson, Cardinal Newman, the author of "Lead, Kindly Light," and St. Paul. There is only one real peace, and that is the other side of doubts. The peace of Columbus when he has found the half world he sailed to find. Spain finds peace in thinking that there is no new world.

In my business, like the physician's and lawyer's in some respects, I grow more charitable in my judgment every day. I do not any more

"Compound for sins I am inclined to
By damning those I have no mind to."

The insight of genius and the experience of men without genius agree. The old and practical lawyer finds that Robert Burns, in the flush of youth, stated the case very well:

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it.
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us.
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

Why did he do it?

Often an action seems to be motiveless. David, from large experience and observation, said, "We are fearfully and wonderfully made." Watts said, "Strange that a harp of a thousand strings should keep in tune so long."

I have seen a skillful player consume a half hour in getting her instrument in tune. Now one string would snap, then another. It was a harp and the weather was damp.

A locomotive engineer tells me that the health of the locomotive varies. He speaks of this thing of steel and steam as "she." "She feels the climate of the day." "She is under the weather."

John Wesley used to speak of his good preaching days, as days when he had liberty. There are days when one is ready for

any comer. He can stand off anybody or anything. There are days when the jingle of the door bell is a calamity. There is no "level best."

The wheel of an ocean steamship is a small affair; it is connected with the rudder by a system of chains. Suppose there is a kink in the chain, or suppose the chain snaps. Now, the ship is in the trough of the sea—off her course and a thing for the wind and waves to play with.

A ship is a very simple machine compared to a man. Here are body and mind and spirit. One of the trinity out of sorts and the sweet bells of all three are "jangled out of tune." Darwin, the man of observation, and Burns, the man of genius, came by different roads to the same charitable judgment of human nature. Christ, who knew all about us, says "Judge not."

The great German, the greatest of the Germans, the author of "Faust," says: "There is no crime that I might not have committed." Circumstances have very much to do with us. Count Tolstoi, in the last three chapters of "War and Peace," shows us why

Napoleon led his army to Moscow. He did not intend to go there; he wished to invade England—he intended to invade England. His wish and his intention and his purposes were overcome and set aside by a necessity, that he invade Russia. It was not in his will, but in a Will mightier than his; a Will that finally sent him to the rock of St. Helena.

Circumstances have more to do with us than free will. I am a good deal of a Calvinist, that is a fatalist. I remember the case of a clergyman who was convicted of stealing books. He had in him a great deal of what all book lovers have a little of. I do not steal books, but I never see a good book in fine binding that I do not feel a hankering for it. I look at it and after a while buy it or leave it.

Now, multiply my wish to possess that book by one hundred, or perhaps by ten, and you have the clergyman who did steal some 400 volumes. He would come into the book store, look at a book, take it down, seat himself in a convenient chair and read a while, put it back in its proper place, go out, walk around a while, come back, take down the book and read some more, replace it and

walk out, come in again and take the book, read a while and put it in his pocket and take it home and add it to his library. He did not sell it or pawn it. It was always a good book in a good binding. He was on a small salary. He was a thief, and yet you see there is a distinction in thieves. So much distinction is there that this man was not imprisoned and ruined, but he sent back the books and is now preaching, and two of the four who knew of this case live in Denver, and the name of the extravagant lover of books could not be dragged out of us. A preacher who reads books is so rare that he is much forgiven.

It is now time to say that the episode in the life of Nebuchadnezzar, though a strange one, is not so entirely strange in the experience of human nature. Greek authors speak of a disease or madness called "lycanthropy." It consists in a belief that one is not a man but a beast, in the disuse of language, in the rejection of all ordinary human food. With this madness the king was smitten. For four years, and perhaps seven, he forsook human habitations and lived in the open air night and day, fed on herbs, and "he was stark naked." Before

this madness fell upon him the prophet had said to him: "Break off thy sins by righteousness and thy iniquities by showing mercy to the poor." The history of kings is sad. This king is not the only one who has been mad. If a man has despotic power and no sense of obligation, he is likely to go mad. Saul of Israel had startling storms of rage. George II of England was called crazy by the charitable. Otto of Bavaria no longer busies himself in peeling potatoes. He was really the only useful king on earth. The present czar of Russia has fits. The position of king is unnatural, artificial. I think we all join in the poet's prayer:

"Make no more giants, God, but elevate the race at once. We ask to put forth our strength, just our human strength, all starting fairly, all equipped alike, gifted alike, all eagle-eyed, true-hearted—see if we can not beat Thy angels yet."

A man placed in an unnatural, artificial station must get out of order in body and mind and spirit. Nebuchadnezzar put out the eyes of Zedekiah, but before he did it he made him use his eyes for the last time in see-

ing his sons put to death. He had become so cruel that ordinary cruelty did not satisfy him. He was proud. The bricks that antiquarians find in his great city have his monogram on them. He was fond of saying: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" He was strutting around and inflating his lungs and saying these pompous things when judgment fell upon him. He was not killed, he was put into a kind of life that would make him over. When a horse has been stall-fed for a good while, blanketed and groomed, it does him good to take off his shoes and turn him out. Let him go back to natural conditions. Let him be a wild horse for a while. There is health in it. After living in restaurants and hotels year after year one likes to bite into a crab-apple or raw turnip and chew wintergreen leaves.

This old king had sickened of too much luxury. He had lived high and been waited upon. He needed a change. Let him return to nature and recover himself. Let the rain fall upon him, and the sun. Let him sleep upon a bed of boughs—hemlock, if that

tree grew in that country. So let him gradually come to himself. Throw him out of the palace and into the wilderness, and let him pick up his own living, and by exercise get the use of hand and foot and eye. I almost envy him his long vacation under the free sky:

"There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth and every common sight to me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

"It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I can see now no more."

This is a common comment. Of course we gain something by civilization—but we lose something. Furnace heat, electric light and office chairs are not an unmitigated blessing. Cattle that have been waited upon by man lose the power to wait upon themselves. They hang round the stack waiting to be fed. They lose the native gift of rustling. Dependent on man for a season, all creatures seem to lose something of their native instinct.

I find that in his line of business the Indian is very wise. He has the homing instinct of a cat. He has cultivated the habit of relying upon himself to find his way. He is his own weather prophet. He is a sign reader. The civilized man depends on things outside himself. Depends on a compass that he may lose, and on a signal service report that may not arrive.

Wild things seem to have a sure sense of the things that are poison. Civilized beings have to look at the label. If the skull and crossbones are absent the thing must be good. We depend on precedent. We walk in old roads. Not because they are best, but because they are old. We seem to be afraid to take the open and strike across country.

Is it a mere accident that the best thoughts, the words that have life in them, have come from out-of-door men—herdsmen, shepherds, dwellers in tents, fishermen? David looks up to the stars in the Syrian night and says: "When I behold the heavens the work of Thy fingers, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

The law came from Mount Sinai and the sermon of Jesus from the Mount of Olives. The civilized man has given up trusting in a private conviction in his personal conscience. He leans on the decision of some council or synod. Moses talked with God, and so did Abraham, and Elijah and St. Paul. They got their views at first hand. "The world is too much with us. Getting and spending we lay waste our powers."

The first time that Jacob seems to have any sense of himself and his relation to the universe is the first night he is away from home. He is in the desert, away from father and mother and brother. And he dreams the truth. The wilderness about him is seen to be God's house. He himself is a child of the Eternal.

Much of the bad theology that afflicts the world has been concocted in a stuffy, steam-heated room. Jesus Christ was in the open. He saw the sower going forth to sow. He saw men who wanted to work stand in the market-place idle. He saw the lily of the field, the house built on sand and the house

built on the rock, and the field ready for the sickle.

The fall of the states of Maine and Vermont dates from the day when the people put stoves in the fire-place. I lament the displacement of the fireside. It is associated with poetry and eloquence, story-telling and patriotism. The open fire is social.

The Bible is, for the most part, an out-of-door book. The men who made it were neighbors to nature. Micah was a shepherd and a vine-dresser. He said the thing as briefly and simply and plainly as anyone: "What does the Lord require of thee, oh, man, but to do justice, love mercy and walk humbly before thy God." Be just and kind, and do not be proud, and you are safe in any world and in any life. Our life and the creed of our own living are mostly artificial, conventional, memorized.

How idle it is to tell a city child that every good thing comes from God. He sees that a pipe or wire brings the light and water, and a wagon brings bread and meat. How can we pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," when it is already in the house?

The most of the people who made the Bible did not have any sure hold on dinner. There were no pipes and wires nor order men. The means of life came direct. It was a good thing that Henry D. Thoreau did when he built his little cabin on the shore of Walden pond and proceeded to get his own living. Out of the earth and water and from the sky good thoughts came to him.

The Prince of Wales is not to be envied. He is an overworked man. The other day he attended fifteen functions—dedicating, laying corner-stones and witnessing an army review. I have forgotten the other twelve. If I were in his place I would strike.

It was absolutely necessary that Nebuchadnezzar should have a change. He was sent to a primitive kind of a Battle Creek sanitarium. He had been living too high and thinking too low.

We have heard a good deal of a late banquet in New York. Nebuchadnezzar would not have called that a lunch. It was nothing but a railroad sandwich and a hard-boiled egg compared with the ordinary Baby-

lonian spreads. This old king was almost spoiled when God took hold of him.

People sometimes voluntarily do what this old king was compelled to do. Kings have willingly gone into monasteries; nobles have sought a hermitage. Fair ladies of rank and wealth sometimes conclude to desert it all and become of use in a hospital. The daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne has selected precisely the hardest task that I can think of.

I believe that these hard times in which we have been swimming some four years, with the assistance of any kind of a plank, have had some good results in the character of our people. We have found out that the things we want and need are not matters of course. Water at Niagara and water in Sahara have different values. For years I have known a boy who has all he needed, nearly all he wished. He was not spoiled. But the other day I heard of him hitting a drill for $3 a day. That will not spoil him. He is in touch with earth now, and with men, real men. I do not suppose he thinks that for the dangerous work he is doing $3 a day is any too much. There is nothing like getting

down among the folks, living with them, hearing them talk.

These people who are giving great banquets and blockading the highway seem to have no sense of the situation. They are planting rose gardens on the banks of Vesuvius. I do not care how much these people spend—I like to hear of million-dollar banquets. It diffuses the dollars among worthy people, and also prompts the question: How did these curled darlings get their money? As Dick Turpin said, "The question is insidious and irrelevant."

Nebuchadnezzar, for his own salvation, was sent away from the artificials of an Eastern court. He was rescued from the flattery of slaves and snobs and lackeys. He was brought back to primitive relations with sun and storm. He found out what rain was and dew, and for the first time in his life saw the sun rise. He had to find his own living. He had sweat on his face. But he found his health, health of body and soul. He came to himself. Hear his confession: "My reason returned unto me, and for the glory of my kingdom, mine honor and brightness re-

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turned unto me, and I was established in my kingdom and excellent majesty was added unto me. Now I, Nebuchadnezzar, praise and extol and honor the King of Heaven, all Whose works are truth, and His ways judgment, and those who walk in power He is able to abase."

After this experience under the sun and stars, after this association with beast and bird and grass, after this learned sympathy with out-of-door, he was, as far as I know, to the end of his days a decent man. That enforced vacation had taken all the conceit and swagger and insolence out of him. That seven years of eating grass had taken the stiffness out of his neck.

III

SOCIALISM

I HAVE lived to see socialism a respectable word and a socialist a respectable man. It is well to get together as to definitions. According to Webster's dictionary "it is a theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed."

Worcester's dictionary: "The science of reconstructing society on entirely new bases, by substituting the principle of association for that of competition in every branch of human industry."

Standard dictionary: "A theory of civil policy that aims to secure the reconstruction of society, increase of wealth and a more equal distribution of the products of labor through public collective ownership of land and capital (as distinguished from property) and the public collective management of all

industries." Its motto is: "Everyone according to his deeds."

Century dictionary: "Any theory or system of social organization which would abolish entirely, or in part, the individual effort and competition on which modern society rests, and substitute co-operation, would introduce a more perfect and equal distribution of the products of labor, and would make land and capital, as the instruments of production, the joint possession of the community."

James Russell Lowell's definition is this: "Socialism means, or wishes to mean, co-operation and community of interests, sympathy; the giving to the hands not so large a share as to the brain, but a larger share than hitherto, in the wealth they must combine to produce; means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly benign construction."

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth."

All the prophets and poets have seen the same thing. Isaiah looked forward to an utter change of the face of the earth and of

the hearts of the people of the earth. Robert Burns saw a new earth and so did Alfred Tennyson when he was young. Plato looked away from the decaying world around him and saw Atlantis. Sir Thomas More, about to suffer death, was writing "Utopia."

There ought to be a new earth, and what ought to be will be. No one will assert that this is the ideal social system—this one that we are living in. Isaiah would not be satisfied with it, nor Plato. We are not satisfied with it. It is a makeshift. We have sent money and sympathy to Ireland, and that was right and effective. But in 1895 there were more than 23,000 evictions in New York city. That means more than 100,000 people turned out of doors. That is to say, in one American city the evictions, as compared with Ireland, were more than four to one.

More than 300,000 people exist in one square mile of the city of New York. When you have seen that, the east end of London looks thinly inhabited.

The question of woman's wages is a moral one Wellington reproved a soldier for some fault, and the soldier reminded the great cap-

tain that "you can not hire all the cardinal virtues for $7 a month."

Poverty and ignorance get together and crime is born. But I need not tell you that this social order is not to be admired. A socialist desires something better. He may think that a new earth will come in by persuasion. He thinks it will come in.

Surely this state of things we are familiar with is not permanent. There is much righteous discontent. It makes itself felt by speeches and newspapers and books. There is a literature of discontent. If you read Hamlin Garland's stories of the west you realize their absolute photographic truth. One rises up saying they are too true.

"Cæsar's Column" is a powerful book. Men have learned by "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that there is nothing so persuasive as a story, and modern novels are full of the social questions of the day. They are sold by the ton.

The Arena Magazine has gone quickly almost to the front because it recognizes the signs of the times. The word "socialist" does not scare anybody now.

We find that the Socialist is an amiable gentle-

man who would like to hear of less extortion, less eviction, less greed, less suicide. He lifts up his eyes and sees a new earth. "No News From Nowhere," by William Morris, is a statement of how the new earth looks. When you are weary of this earth read this book. More than half the literary men of our day are socialists. I find much socialism in Howells and George Meredith. It has even crept into that excellent newspaper, The Outlook.

I think perhaps one in a hundred of the preachers of the country have quit their ignorant noise about "the red flag of socialism." There is less worship of the god of things as they are than formerly.

"The parish priest of austerity
Climbed up in a high church steeple
To be nearer God, so that he might hand
His word down to the people.

"And in sermon script he daily wrote
What he thought was sent from heaven,
And he dropped it down on the people's heads
Two times one day in seven.

"In his age, God said, 'Come down and die,
And he cried out from the steeple,
'Where art Thou, Lord?' and the Lord replied,
'Down here among my people.'"

It is high time to have less steeple and more bread. If the people knew what the origin of steeples was, what they signified, they would not build any more.

The cry of the people is not for steeples. Perhaps we are milder in our talk about the "dark ages."

There is no murder that goes on in Cuba and Turkey and South Africa and Egypt but is a money question. There are bonds involved. To stop the murder would imperil the value of bonds. I can remember when Christian gentlemen did not wish anything said about slavery. It would interfere with trade. Theodore Parker said in 1850 of the baptism of a negro: "Thy name is slave. I baptize thee in the name of the Golden Eagle, the Silver Dollar and the Copper Cent." The god of that time was "business." The mob that put a rope around the neck of William Lloyd Garrison was a broadcloth mob. The best people were in that mob.

Harold Rogers says that in the fourteenth century a fat ox could be bought by six days' wages of an ordinary mechanic. Wages have gone down or else beef has gone up.

Men in Chicago are running over one another to get a chance to cut ice at a dollar a day and board themselves. That is hard work and cold work, and the people who want the job are thinly clad and poorly fed.

To show how we have made progress in poverty, let me read to you some gems from a speech of John D. Rockefeller, made in the Fifth Avenue Baptist church to a young men's Bible class. He said: "I hope you young men are careful. I believe that it is a religious duty to get all the money you can; get it fairly, religiously, honestly." He had in his hand a pocket ledger. He said: "It reports what I received and paid out for several years."

The oily king then said here is an item: "Income from December 26, 1855, to January 26, 1857, $50. And I lived within my income. Out of that I paid my washer-woman, the lady whom I boarded with, and I saved a little. I see that I paid in the Sunday-school every Sunday one cent."

There is not a Chinaman or an imported monkey who can live to-day as cheaply as that. The average cost of a Chinaman's year in San

Francisco is $83. Only $9 a year for Mr. Rockefeller's clothes forty years ago!

Now, if you desire to read "Progress and Crime," read Henry D. Lloyd's "Wealth Versus Commonwealth." That is a comprehensive statement of Mr. Rockefeller's life later on. It is a history of the Standard Oil Company. There is nothing in the annals of lying and bribery, perjury, plunder and planned assassination that equals it. It is a classic. Mr. Lloyd, the author of the book, lives in Chicago, and Harper Brothers, the publishers of the book, live in New York. They are rich people, but Mr. Rockefeller has never had them in court. Smitten on one cheek, he meekly turns the other, and goes on raising the price of oil, endowing churches and telling the young men of his Bible class to get money honestly.

Mr. Rockefeller ought to have been born earlier or Dickens ought to have lived longer. They should have met. Pecksniff is not in it with this Rockefeller. Nature has produced what genius failed in.

"Wealth Versus Commonwealth," is a book with covers on, been out now some

three years and been read by the thoughtful people of these states. Nobody has answered it. I conclude that the only answer to the book is the fact that the person who lived on $50 a year now has several hundred millions. Nothing succeeds like success.

Of course, this society that permits such deadly parallels as we see, the gorged few and the hungry many, can not last. As a nation we have already taken steps in socialism. The common school, with the United States flag over it, is a long step away from the old motto of Cain, "Every man for himself." Some children could have gone to private schools, but it was felt that a vast number would have no opportunity, and so the state stepped in, and now makes the rich childless man help to educate the children of his poor neighbor. Not only a school-house is built by the community and teachers hired, but the child, if necessary, is provided with books. Paris provides him with a dinner. In some states the child is compelled to attend school. In his book on "Liberty," John Stuart Mill makes an only exception to his wide liberty of the individual this, that the

state, in order to preserve itself, must have intelligent citizens, and therefore has a right to compel a child to go to school.

Now, after all our experience with common schools, who would go back to the old private school for pupils, depending on the ability and choice of the individual? Some, but not many. There are objections to the public school. It is possible that the young men who worked out in haying and harvesting to earn money to attend the old-fashioned private academy studied more faithfully, prized his earned privilege more, and made more of it; but it is generally conceded that the reasons for the free school are more than those against it.

The common school has made its own argument, given a reason for being, and to-day is the pride of the United States.

The post-office is another step in socialism. Who wishes to go back to the old private courier or private carrier pigeon, or the more primitive fire and smoke signals? The cheaper the postage the more letters are written. The cheaper the postage the more nearly the department comes to making the machine pay its way. I would rather trust a

letter to the United States on payment of two cents than to trust it to the memory of a friend who happens to be going that way. I do not remember to have missed a letter mailed to me, but I have found letters given to me to mail, several days after, well forgotten in my pocket.

The immense business that the Denver post-office does amazes the unacquainted. It does this and does it almost without a blunder. I can send by post four pounds of merchandise. I have often wondered why not try forty pounds or forty tons—make a United States express of it? If not, why not?

The telegraph is sending a letter by lightning instead of steam. The only difference is the medium. Why is that in private hands? The reason why is not a good one. Make the service of the telegraph cheap. The cheaper the rate the more it will be used. A few people will not get rich out of it, but the great public will be served by it. I do not keep a fire bucket. If my house gets on fire the city will put it out. The boys and the horses are in harness.

Under the old motto of Cain, if a man got

sick or hurt he could help himself or die. Now the city picks him up, or the county or the state. The healthy, the whole are taxed for the sick and hurt. Every hospital so supported is an evidence of socialism.

Under the old system, if a man was murdered, the next of kin took up the dead man's quarrel and killed the slayer if he could. Blood revenge is now the law in Circassia. But here the state comes in. All prisons, jails and gallows trees are socialistic. So of all state asylums and homes for the defective.

We are further along in socialism than we perhaps thought. A city that furnishes heat, light, water, transportation and telephone service at cost to its citizens is further along in socialism than Denver. In Sweden the the government keeps the saloon. Whether the United States can control and own railroads and operate them to public advantage would seem to be settled by the fact that when a railroad goes into the hands of a receiver it is controlled and operated by the United States court.

How far can we farther go into socialism for the public good? I think the nation or

state or city ought to do the common necessary chores of the individual, and give him more time for his individual calling. It would be a saving of time and friction if I could, by dealing with one head, arrange forty things.

In Australia, on government-owned railroads, you can ride a distance of 4,000 miles for $6.50, first-class, while working men can ride six miles for 2 cents, twelve miles for 4 cents, thirty miles for 10 cents, and railroad men receive from 25 to 30 per cent. more wages for eight hours' labor than they are paid in this country for ten hours. In Victoria, where these rates prevail, the net income from the roads is sufficient to pay all the federal taxes, which is another convincing proof of the possibility of government without taxation.

In Hungary, where the roads are state-owned, you can ride six miles for one cent, and since the roads were bought by the government the men's wages have been doubled.

Belgium tells the same story—fares and freight rates cut down one-half and wages doubled. Yet the roads pay a yearly revenue to the government of $4,000,000. In

the United States, under private ownership, it is the other way. We have paid the railroads billions in land and money, and are now paying them millions yearly for carrying the mails, and yet freight and passenger rates are so extortionate as to be almost prohibitive, while wages paid railroad employes are degrading and almost criminal in their smallness. Surely, America has a deal yet to learn from its various mother countries.

In Germany you can ride four miles for one cent on the government-owned lines. Yet wages are over 125 per cent. higher than they were when the corporations owned them, and during the last ten years the net profits have increased forty-one per cent. Last year the roads paid the German government a net profit of $25,000,000.

I would like a central chore office. It will save me the fatigue of going to thirty-nine other places and bargaining with thirty-nine other heads. Nathaniel Hawthorne was a fortunate man. He was not interrupted in his work by a necessity for coal or an errand to the office of the gas company or water company or laundry. He had a wife who

came between him and all these chores. They were attended to; how, he did not know. Now I would like the city to come between me and all these chores; do them for me. The best hotel is where there is the most done for you and the least required of you. There is nothing valuable gained by climbing stairs. There is nothing valuable lost in going on the elevator. It is objected to socialism of the kind called nationalism, that it breaks down competition between individuals, but where is there any competition now? There is consolidation, and that is what saves time.

Mr. Collis Huntington writes that the more railroads under one management the better. I think you will agree with him. Only as comptroller of these roads I prefer the United States to Mr. Huntington or the late Mr. Gould. These men unconsciously taught socialism. Time was when you were shopping you had to run all over town, now there are stores in large cities where you can find what you want from a paper of tacks to a ham. Consolidation is the word of to-day. Vermont had not been much of a country alone, but as

a part of the nation she is a good deal of a country.

I am as ready to buy meat of the United States as to buy it of Mr. Armour. He never explains to me why it is that cattle are low, but I am paying right along the same old price for steaks.

It is objected that if we go along much further into socialism there will be no more inventors or poets. I do not believe that Burns was thinking about money when he was writing "The Jolly Beggars" or "Mary in Heaven." I am sure he was not. Milton received, I believe, $25 for "Paradise Lost." I do not suppose he was thinking of what he would receive. Milton was busy in heaven and hell, and so busy that he had no mind for anything else. He was looking at Satan and Michael and such people, and not at the bookseller. His mind was wholly taken up with Satan's great siege and assault and defeat. The bargaining spirit does not go with the inventive, constructive gift. I take it that Shakespeare was an actor by profession and wrote for the pure delight there is in creating.

James Whitcomb Riley had made a reputa-

tion before he thought of making a dollar. He had no more thought of wages than a bluebird. He reads now for the pleasure he finds in it. But the wages were an afterthought. You hear the phrase "Christian socialism." There is such a thing. The motto of this kind of socialists suits me very well. "From a man according to his power, to a man according to his needs." That is Christian.

Suppose a woman has the gift of a wonderful voice. Recollect, it is a gift, cultivated, but a gift. Is that not enough with a good living? Her business is to go up and down the world and please the people. Sing to the world, to the poorest. Is not that, with a sufficient living, enough?

What a salary that is, to delight the world, to add that to a sufficient living? But to pervert a gift of God into a means to build up a castle filled with splendid tinsel, to die, having sung only to those who could spare five dollars. That is not socialism nor Christianity. That is purely heathen business.

Socialism says to genius, you are dearly paid in having genius. You shall have shelter, food and raiment; you shall not lack any

good thing. But you shall not make merchandise of it. Your genius is a gift from God for you to give to His children and die famous and beloved. You are forbidden to die with a lot of useless dollars about you and still not having done your work.

But there is another half of the socialist text. "To man according to his needs." Here is a man with no genius, no talent, no faculty—born tired. He is as helpless as the man on the Jericho road that the Levite and the Pharisee would not look at. He can not do anything, but he needs as much and more than Columbus. It is a sufficient privation to him to know that he is helpless. Feed him, clothe him, shelter him. He needs more than any genius to compensate him, if possible, for his lack of faculty, of opportunity. That is my kind of socialism, and also the only kind of Christianity.

It is objected that socialism is paternalism. I can see some sense in that when the government is by Emperor William. But when the government is "by the people" paternalism suits me. The people are in agreement that this world is not at present comfortable.

Some say it is not habitable and go out of it. Within a year I have been to the funerals of eleven suicides. They were mortally tired of this kind of living. I was called to their funerals because I did not blame them.

William Morris insisted on this reasonable claim: "It is right and necessary that all men shall have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do, and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome or over-anxious."

I think it is a fair claim. As I see our people working they are tired and anxious. A man is afraid of losing his job. I want sufficiency for the day and security for the morrow. The man who forty years ago worked for fifty dollars a year watched another man's job—he underbid a boy. An American who will consent to live on fifty dollars a year is not fit to live.

The Socialist says that work which is necessary but hard, dangerous and repulsive, ought to have short hours and higher wages and be shared by all. Pork eaters have no right to keep one man six days in the week all the

weeks of the year around sticking pigs. We have no right to make a victim of one man, make him do all the repulsive work for a hundred families. The Socialist says that if butchering is a necessary thing let each do his share of it. I have no right to protect my delicate, sensitive, refined, high-bred self at the expense of another, compelling him to be coarser and rough

The Socialist insists upon shorter hours for workingmen and on working hours for all men. He would do away with the genteel loafers of both sexes, and so get rid of the scandals that we buy the papers to read about. It has been said that the saloon is the poor man's club house, and that the club house is the rich man's saloon. One has as much right to be open on Sunday as the other. Wealth under the law has nothing to do with thirst.

Under Socialism what would I do with a man like Rockefeller? Put him in the cabinet, make him minister of oil at a good salary. Carnegie? Make him minister of steel —at a good salary. Huntington seems to have a faculty for railroads. Make him min-

ister of railroads at a salary. Make Mr. Armour minister of beef. And so put every man in the line of his faculty at a salary and get rid of millionaires and tramps. Both men are alike a nuisance. In a good society neither will appear. I am asking only for a comfortable world.

There is unhealthy congestion of money. It is not good for the heart of mankind and it is not good for the extremities. Circulation is better for heart and head and hand and tips of fingers.

There must be a beginning. Why not here in Denver try Socialism? The consolidation of kitchens and laundries, one for a neighborhood, one playground for the children of a neighborhood. Boston Common suits me. I prefer it to any individual private back yard on earth. There is a knowledge coming in that God is our father and all we are brethren. It is within our power to make Denver more of a home, not a friendless soul in it. Not an idle man saying sadly, "no man hath hired me."

It is not a comfortable world while a single soul goes without.

IV

DECORATION DAY

"Beauty for Ashes"

THOMAS CARLYLE makes a picture of "The Execution of the Twenty-two," in the days of the French revolution. Arrived at the scaffold, they begin singing the Marseillaise, "March on, march on, the avenging sword unsheath." But the headsman's ax was busy and swift, the defiant chorus wore away. As voice after voice was hushed, the chorus was weaker. It wore quite away. It had become a silence. The time is coming quickly, when there will be none left to sing an army song with a voice made tender by experience, by a memory of how it sounded sung in the streets of hostile cities or by the camp-fire, or sung softly by prisoners in warehouses or stockades. There will be no one who remembers the scenery of the song.

In 1862, some girls on a platform under the

trees of a Michigan town sang "Brave Boys Are They, Gone at Their Country's Call," to a regiment ordered south.

One summer, four years ago, in the same village, under the same trees, I heard the girls singing the same song. Singing it at a reunion of the remnant of the regiment. These girls were the daughters of the girls who sang it thirty years ago, but they sang it with a difference There is a difference between the slave song sung by the jubilee singers and sung by a slave in a canefield. These girls of the Michigan village can not know what the war meant to their mothers. They have never seen father, or brother, or lover march away.

What the war cost the nation or the individual is fading out of the memory. When a soldier dies there is a historian lost. The history of the war is not in books It is oral history communicated in idle hours from man to man, told on wet days in the back end of country stores. An old historian says of the body of his narrative, "part of this I was, all of this I saw." This kind of historian of the war for the Union will soon cease to be. I

think it is a good thing for the country to make a good deal of the old soldier while he lasts. He helps to keep alive the reality of the old days.

The chief pleasure I take in the annual national encampment is in listening to bits of conversation that make up unwritten history. The Century Magazine, by its war papers, has done much to help our memories. I find that I had never known or had forgotten many things; 2,778,304 men enlisted in the Union armies. Deducting re-enlistments and very short term soldiers, the round number would be about 2,200,000 men. Five per cent. of these were killed.

It is not fair to rule out of the account three-months regiments. In the first battle of Bull Run, fought by three-months troops, the Sixty-ninth New York lost thirty-eight men killed and fifty-nine wounded.

There was a greater percentage of killed during the whole war than in the Crimean or the Franco-Prussian wars. We have heard and heard declaimed "The Charge of the Six Hundred." It is a brave description of a brave ride. The colonel got his order, gathered the

bridle rein and swung himself into the saddle and said, "Here goes the last of the Cardigans and £13,000 a year." When a man is the elder son of a lord, and has $65,000 a year, that means a good deal to lose. That money will buy a great deal of high living—dogs, horses, yachts galore. When he is called to lay these all down for the sake of a forlorn hope against guns double-shotted, and he instantly obeys, he is a good deal of a soldier. He ought to be lord and he ought to have $65,000 a year. He earns it by the great heart in him.

I am glad he got out of that hot, dark place alive. Some one said of this charge: "It is magnificent, but it is not war."

I find that the killed and wounded in this memorable charge was 38 per cent. But the One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania lost seventy-five per cent. at Gettysburg. In the same battle one company of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina had every man and officer hit, and the orderly sergeant made out his report with a bullet in each leg. He was no Lord Cardigan but he had his little home among the pines and wife and children.

I desire some attention paid to the battles that history does not mention. A small fight in which a man gets killed is Waterloo to him. Men living can call to mind an acre or so of thicket that was to them Thermopylæ. There is the dust of heroes that is in no national cemetery; not even a board on which is written, "Unknown United States Soldier," marks their graves. They had no graves. They were the heroes of a reconnaissance, ambuscade or wagon-guard affair. In many a rocky pass, in many a thick wood a monument might be erected, and there might be graven on it, with the change of a word, the epitaph of Thermopylæ, "Go and tell Sparta that we lie here, having obeyed her word." This war was not with Italians nor Chilians. It was very distinctly a war with Americans. Victory came very high and very slow. There are nearly 30,000 marked graves of Union soldiers within sixty miles of Richmond.

I made an invoice of one of Hood's soldiers. He was a mere boy, clothed in a suit of cotton tweed and barefooted, and it was a wet and cold Tennessee December. I examined his haversack. He had for the

day's rations four pieces of sorghum cane and a handful of roasted acorns. That is a poor outfit for the marching and fighting he had before him. But he made it do.

Death was very busy with men in those days with other weapons than bullets and ball, shell and saber. Disease of all sorts was doing its deadly work.

"I had been content to perish,
Falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor
And the winds are laid with sound."

But how is it to jolt sick in an ambulance, to lie in a cot in the hospital, to fight flies and to be called by number and not by name. I had three days of it and an experience which makes me take my hat off whenever I meet a Sister of Charity. Light-footed and soft-voiced, she came in and said, "Brother, how is your knee this morning?" I felt like saying as the sick sailor said. He was in the marine hospital, and the chaplain said, "Well, my man, how are you now?" He wished in his answer to temper a sailor's profanity with a proper respect to the chap-

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lain and his office, so to the question, "How are you now?" he answered profanely and piously, "Pretty d—n miserable, thank God."

There is not much excitement, not much enthusiasm in a hospital ward. No flag is flying; no bugle thrills. It is a dull waiting. Perhaps it has seemed that an army surgeon was a non-combatant, and so he did not shoot at anybody, but bullets found him. During the war forty-seven surgeons were killed and ninety-seven wounded.

Contrary to the general opinion the number of commissioned officers killed was greater in proportion than that of enlisted men. Something can be said of those who went late into the service. Some who went very late were early enough for the bloody work in the Wilderness. There was plenty of time in which to be a good soldier after May, 1864. The First Maine heavy artillery, in its only battle in May, 1864, lost 604 men killed and wounded in less than twenty minutes. It can be said also that the men who enlisted late knew what they were going into. As a rule the volunteer to the first call did not know what the business was.

Secretary Seward was talking cheerfully about a thirty-day war. To the young volunteer the thing had the general look of a picnic, but when the long, narrow boxes began to come home, when there was at least one returned wounded soldier talking in every little village, then the whole thing looked as serious as it was.

They tell a story of a southern conscript from the turpentine country. He had not heard of any war; he reckoned it was a sort of a general muster day. He was assigned to a regiment, and was sitting on a log whittling when the shells began to scream and the bullets to hum. He ran out to the edge of the timber and hollered: "Don't shoot in here; there's folks in here."

But we shall make a mistake if we shall suppose the mortality of the war to be confined to the years of the war. Many a soldier brought his death home with him, and when he dies in these peaceful days he dies for his country. The heart has only so many beats to make; you hurry it and it gets through work sooner. The heart beat quick in the days of the drum. Often I hear of the heart failure of

some good soldier. The heart fails now because it did not fail then.

Assemble the remnant of a regiment in reunion and they look like the flag they followed. The white dust of southern pikes has settled in their hair. The call of Abraham Lincoln came to boys getting ready for trades and professions. It made a great and irreparable break in life. It was a sudden change of direction. It was difficult and sometimes impossible at the muster-out to take up the old life at the point of departure. The procession had moved on. The north was getting along quite well without us. People were making money. The foundations of great fortunes were laid in the days of the war. There was money in mules. War makes business, moves the crops. Two million men had ceased to be producers. I came home on leave in 1865 and found the bondholder much happier than the gunholder; he has been happier ever since His greenbacks have, by clever contrivance, turned into gold. The gunholder's gold has, by an equally clever contrivance, turned into greenbacks.

Hamlin Garland, who, by his stories, is do-

ing for the white men what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for black men, pictures the "Return of the Private." He went out to music, women cheered him; for him the flag was flung, for him the bugle trilled. When I went out a lady broke into the ranks and pressed upon me a sack of dried blackberries. But the private returned at 2 o'clock A. M. in a caboose of a belated freight train—no music, no cheering of women. He returned with an honorable discharge and a fever breathed in on a southern swamp and not breathed out. The private returned and found his old farm and his old mortgage, and, somewhat broken, enters on a war in which there is no furlough. It is a painfully true picture of what I have seen.

The first greeting I received on my leave of absence was "When are you going back?" from a gentleman interested in pork. He seemed to think that my visit to see my mother was an injury to him—lessened the army demand for food that was cursed by Moses and drowned by Jesus Christ.

The day my regiment was paid off and disbanded, Whipple, of "Company F," my

chum, slapped me on the shoulder and said: "Captain, we are out of a job." That expressed accurately my feeling. After being told to "come here" and "go there," to obey and not ask questions, to be my own commander, made me homesick for the regiment. The boy found his place taken. The weeks following the muster-out were my most miserable, restless weeks. I remember the disgust I felt at the first conductor who insisted that I should pay my fare. That little matter had been attended to for me for some time. I was shocked. A few years' service as a soldier does a good deal to spoil a few years more.

Therefore, friends, do not be hard upon us who are not doing well; we did not start fair. We are four of the most important years behind.

"Be to our virtues very kind,
Be to our faults a little blind."

Let not him who has never been a soldier judge him who has. Whatever a soldier now does, whatever he has become, remember he once stood between our country and death. "He is much forgiven, because he loved much."

As a rule, the soldier has done well to leave the peaceful road so long and then resume it, and, as a citizen, be so well to the front as he is. The men who handled muskets are doing fairly well handling schools, talking to juries, managing railroads, building the nation. The Rev. John R. Paxton, once in almost the foremost Presbyterian pulpit of America, graduated as a private soldier in a New York regiment. A soldier, and a good one, was a president of the United States. As a citizen, the ex-soldier is doing well all along the line. The war spoiled some men, but it made more.

I can not but think that the service of a soldier for years or for months entitles him to all the good he can get. We are not likely to overpay him. People complain of pensions. This country is no poorer when a pension is paid; the money remains in the country and goes at once into circulation.

I, myself, desire a settlement with this country according to contract. I was to be paid in gold or its equivalent. I was paid in paper. The so-called dollar was only 42 cents. I would like the difference, and now

is a good time to settle. Unless this nation deals justly and generously with the remnant of the Grand Army I shall instruct my boys as to the program for the next year: "Draft the money, and for soldiers hire assisted immigrants and Pinkerton men."

Decoration Day means a good deal to us and to our children. The children see certain graves with flowers on them and flags over them, and children are very observing. I was sorry yesterday to read of two Sunday-school picnics to take place to-day, of all days in the year. To celebrate this day set apart to commemorate the death of men for their country with a picnic! Only ignorance excuses such a celebration from being an insult to every dead and dying soldier. Take some other day for picnics. President Cleveland went a-fishing on Decoration Day. Went by himself, and it cost him many votes. It ought to have cost him votes. But to go quietly and alone fishing on this day was a trivial offense compared with arranging a Sunday-school picnic for this day. The children ought to be at home looking on and getting brave history and love of country into

them, instead of picnic cake and lemonade. Just as I do not like to see the flag of my country used as a label for a box of soap; just as I do not like to see the family Bible on the floor, or used in a chair to lift a baby to a level with his dinner, just so, I protest against making Decoration Day a common play-day.

There was a war; the war is over. Of the results I need not speak. I can only note one or two. The war made the people acquainted by giving an opportunity to travel. Boys who would otherwise have lived and died at home or in the neighborhood got to see the country. Now they have a larger view. We know what kind of people inhabit the United States—brave, all of them. The men demonstrated that the race is not degenerating. Mission Ridge was a harder climb than Bunker Hill. Washington asleep by the Potomac listened to a step that sounded like his own. The war made the daily paper—created the need for the news and the news quick.

As a boy I remember that my father never allowed a secular book to be read on Sunday.

We were invited to read Baston's "Fourfold State" and Baxter's "Saint's Rest." "Pilgrim's Progress" was the only light reading in sight on Sunday. We used to eat a good deal of caraway seed in order to get through a severe day. But I came home in '65, and on Sunday went with father and mother to the village meeting-house, and when meeting was out father said to me: "You go home with your mother while I go around by the post-office and get the mail." On the way home I said to mother, "When did he begin that?" and she said, "Right after you enlisted. We could not wait over Sunday for news from the boys." The war was over, but the habit lasted, and the New York Tribune, founded and edited by Horace Greeley, took the place of Fox's "Book of Martyrs."

As a result of the war there is a "New South." A gentleman was traveling in Virginia and stopped at a plantation house for dinner. On departing he asked for his bill, and his host said: "Befo' the war, sir, you would have been my honahed guest; now, sir, youah bill is seventy-five cents."

The New South, Atlanta, Chattanooga, De-

catur and Birmingham, is attending to business. At Aberdeen, Scotland, I asked an old-timer, "Are there any Jews in Aberdeen?" "No," he said. "Never were any?" I asked. "Yes," he said, "once there was one." "Well," I said, "did you kill him—run him out?" "No," he answered, "just out-traded him." The Yankee does not find the planter so easy a customer now.

Of course there is some bitterness of the old strife lingering on, but not much. General Grant said the soldiers could have settled the questions raised and left by the war in six months. I think so. Brave men recognize brave men.

At Quebec one monument erected by French and English stands for Wolfe and Montcalm.

TAPS.

"And the lights are out;
The dead are sleeping on the hills,
And in the vales they sleep
And await the reveille,
That calls no more to war,
But to eternal peace.
Upon this grave the lilies,
And upon that the roses fade,

And fading there they to the
Fadeless pay the homage of
A nation's sorrow and its love.
The gentle flowers know
Neither side in arms ;
They draw no lines ;
They give their fragrance freely to
The Blue and Gray,
Asleep beneath the mother soil,
Made richer by their blood,
And watered with the tears of North and
South.
Oh, South and North,
Made one by common grief,
Made new by sacrifice,
In brave defense of right,
As each saw the right.
To one came loss,
To one came gain,
And God decided.
What in the battle days,
We might have said or thought or done,
Is quite forgotten now.
And, standing by those grassy mounds,
In consecrated ground,
We are at peace as they
Who rest beneath the sod,
With one flag over all,
And not a star dropped from its place,
Our dead are dear to us ;
No mother weeps the less
Because her boy was Blue or Gray ;
He was her child,

This is enough,
And there she gives him all her tears,
Remembering only this—
That he is dead !
Beyond there is no Blue or Gray,
But, clothed in white,
The serried ranks that fought
Shall fight no more.
That which is lost is lost ;
Let us forget the past,
And nobly with the hands
That made the wounds,
Bind up the wounds
And hide the scars."

I hear that we are getting old, but there is a law of compensation. We have lived. These years of ours were no common years. As a boy I sat with a boy on the banks of the Raquette river in St. Lawrence county, New York. And we regretted together that we had not been born in the days of the old French war, in the day of Braddock, or the day of Ethan Allen, or the day of the soldier of Bennington, who said: "Boys, we win this battle or to-night Mollie Stark sleeps a widow." We recalled the day of Plattsburg, and we wished much to have been born in a day when the drum rolled and the fife screamed. We were boys and were not able

even to vote for the soldier Fremont. So little we saw the day we were men in. In less than three years old John Brown began a business that 2,000,000 men armed themselves to finish. My boy chum with whom I was talking that summer day went gaily to his death with the brigade of Thomas Francis Meagher.

What then is before us? We have lived interesting years. Great is our compensation. I see a boy with life all before him, with the glint in his eye and a boy's dream in his heart. And I say to him, "My brown haired friend, you have the advantage of me in many things, but in one thing I have an everlasting advantage. You, my young friend, you never can say, I carried a gun for my country under Abraham Lincoln, the Great."

"Comrades known in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by dangers many,
Brothers let us ever be.

"Wounds and sickness may divide us;
Marching orders may divide us,
But whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the heart are we.

"Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
Brothers ever more to be.

"And if spared and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
Brothers ever we shall be.

"By communion of the banner,
Crimson white and starry banner,
By the baptism of the banner,
Children of one church are we.

"Creed nor faction can divide us,
Still whatever fate betide us,
Children of the flag are we."

That was written by an Irishman, a gallant soldier of nineteen battles for a country he was not born in. That is the kind of an American I like. Stonewall Jackson—shot to death—waiting to die—busied his mind with thoughts of the past and visions of the future. He said in his last hours, "Tell Gen. A. P. Hill to move his division rapidly to the front," and then he said softly "Wife, let us cross over the river and sleep under the trees."

So old David, shepherd and soldier, closing his eyes on his stormy past, opened them

on the beyond and said: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He leadeth me beside the still waters, and into green pastures."

Comrades, when one by one the bugle blows "lights out" for us, may we have passed from all toil and tumult to a not transient vision of green fields and water of stillness.

V

FRANCIS SCHLATTER

MR. HUME, in his famous essay, says that miracles are contrary to experience, and so disposes of miracles. It is easy to grant that they are contrary to the experience of Mr. Hume, probably contrary to the experience of his neighbors. But it is possible to believe that things have happened outside the experience of Mr. Hume, outside of the experience of Mr. Hume's neighbors. As a boy I saw the planting of telegraph poles and the stringing of the wire. The old keeper of the village tavern and I listened to the singing of the wire in the wind. In a low, awe-struck voice he explained the sound to me: "My son, do you hear that? They are transveying news."

If by the word "miracle" a man means something in violation of the laws of the universe or something that interferes with them, then I say "miracles do not happen."

It is possible that we are not altogether acquainted with the laws of the universe. Something may happen according to law outside our knowledge. It is old, but interesting to remember that the first ship driven by steam that crossed the Atlantic had on board an able essay proving that it could not be done. It is only a little while ago that an electric car did not seem to be electric. The passenger held on to his nickel to save it if the thing balked.

A mother in Ireland cables a message to her daughter in New York. Under the ocean that message has no body, it is no more a material thing than a flash of lightning. It crosses. The Atlantic can not wreck it. It arrives. It is possible and probable that the message can cross without the wire. Friends are able to shoot their thoughts from one to the other. All that is necessary to perfect the ability is practice. Although up to date I have more confidence in the Western Union.

Every year of the last fifty years has brought something to light not contrary to experience but outside experience.

But miracles are an old-fashion. I picked

up the life and works of Elijah and Elisha last night and reread the story. It is not wonderful that men of that kind should do works of that kind. Their works are in the same great style as themselves. It is not wonderful that Shakespeare has written Hamlet. Given Shakespeare, the play of Hamlet is what you expect of him. Elijah comes out of the canons of Gilead. Of his birth and childhood we know nothing. When we first see him he is a man dressed in a rawhide kilt and a sheepskin mantle, and he proceeds at once to make himself disagreeable to a king and queen and the ecclesiastical machine of the time.

He did some notable miracles; called down fire from heaven, fire that burned water. He was an unequal man. One day he was more than enough for several hundred priests of Baal, and one day he was in mortal fear of one woman; flung himself under a juniper tree and wished that he were even dead. God was good to him, put him to sleep and fed him. And in the strength of the reinforcement of that sleep and that breakfast he marched forty days to Horeb, the mount of God. Reading the lines of the miracle workers as written in

the Bible, I find that they did not hold their gift in absolute continuing possession. It was not their property. They could not do anything of themselves. The minute they depended upon themselves they broke down.

Whatever good and great thing they did, they did it in the name of God. "In His name" seems to be the faithful formula of the apostles. They make sorry work of it when they attempt anything alone. St. Paul could heal the sick sometimes. Even handkerchiefs that he had touched carried health in them sometimes. But we read that he left his friend and comrade, Timothy, sick at a certain place. If he could have cured him doubtless he would. For some good reason sickness was good for Timothy. He was to work among people, sick people, sinful and sorry people. One who has never been sick makes a wretched nurse. He will sit down by the bedside of the sufferer and read a newspaper and chew gum and slide down into a healthy slumber, like a well infant. Curing others, St. Paul could not cure himself. He was subject to some kind of physical torment, probably some trouble with his eyes. All the old

prophets and saints were made to know that they were absolutely dependent on God. Whenever they became self-conceited and self-sufficient they went to pieces, like Peter on the sea, like Peter in the porch.

Elijah, about to die, saw Elisha plowing and went to him and cast his sheepskin mantle over him and left him to carry on his work. We know little or nothing of the childhood of Elisha. He came when he was called. He did not have to be spoken to but once. He had intuition, he was a natural man unspoiled by civilization. He did miracles. A boy, the son of his friend, was sunstruck in the harvest field. She sent for the prophet and he came, but the boy was dead; but he went into the room, shut the door and stretched himself upon the child, mouth to mouth, eyes to eyes, hands to hands, and the child grew warm and the child opened his eyes. Before Elisha did this "he prayed unto the Lord." Here is complete self-surrender.

But some men will say, why not raise all the dead? It is not expedient. I should think twice and a long time both times before I would call anyone back who has gone away.

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I believe death is a promotion, an incident of life.

The chief of the apostles says "Death is gain." For a sufficient reason our Lord called Lazarus back from the other side of death. There was a public reason for it. But personally, for Lazarus, it was a coming back to be questioned concerning things he had no words for. The men who hated Jesus hated him; they went about to kill him. It was a coming back to dust and weariness, to Hamlet's "sea of trouble."

The miracles of the Bibles were not wrought as shows, simply to excite wonder and please a mob of the curious. There is sufficient reason for them. Some of them are in answer to faith that faith may be encouraged. Some are in answer to little faith that little faith may grow. Some are wrought where there is no faith that faith may come. All suffering and loss and failure are to lead men to God. We are led and we are driven. We are met more than half way. One way or another, we are going to be made to think. I was always half sorry for the issue at Waterloo, but I have no doubt that personally St.

Helena was good for Napoleon. No more campaigns to plan, no more battles to fight, no noise but the noise of the sea. Flags and drums and the voices of cannon are a powerful diversion.

Failure along a mistaken road is a good thing. Men must be made to think. I have not much confidence in sermons, but I have in the events of life.

"There is no God, the foolish saith,
But none there is no sorrow;
And nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow.
Eyes that the preacher could not school
By wayside graves are raised,
And lips say God be pitiful
That ne'er said, God be praised."

When it comes to me I see no use in pain, when it comes to other people I see uses for it.

Not all Syria was made healthy in the days of Jesus Christ. In one place he could not do mighty works because of unbelief. The people would not let him in.

The world is divided into two kinds of people, those who do something and those who sit on the fence and wonder why they don't

do it the other way. There are vastly more critics than authors. Naaman, the Syrian, had leprosy of the old white kind, and the prophet told him to wash in the Jordan seven times, and he thought of the bigger rivers near by, and by the side of which Jordan was an insignificant creek, and went away in a rage. But his kind of leprosy was fatal, and death was near, and he did as he was told, "and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean."

No prophet has told him to do it, but I understand that the president of the "Light of the world company" is going to bathe in the Jordan. All the prophets have told him to do something else.

After all our work on forts with walls of stone and iron, after all our Gibraltars and Quebecs, there is no breastwork against bullet and ball and shell so effective as a bank of plain simple earth. There is a singular power in simplicity. "Eloquence," says Mr. Ingersoll, "is not up among the stars; it is down in the grass." The old prophets dressed roughly. Low living and high thinking have commonly gone together. We shall

remember Robert Burns several days after we have forgotten Chauncey Depew.

There was a man sent from God whose name was John. He dressed roughly as Elijah, he lived on locusts and wild honey, and came out of the wilderness. And some said he had a devil. You remember the various names that greeted Jesus. It may be doubted that a man has lived a true, brave life unless he has been in jail. The jail in history has had the same transformation in degree as the cross. A man in jail in Woodstock, Ill., for the past few months has been in first-rate company. There is good company in there yet.

The Bible is a book of expectation; there is a movement in it. However sorrowfully it begins it ends with a song. All creation finally sings. It is a book of hope. Finally "hard times come again no more." The promises of God do not taper off and become peaked as the centuries go by. They broaden. There is an increasing purpose. "The thoughts of men are widened in the process of the sun." "Hast thou not heard that

the everlasting God fainteth not, neither is weary?''

"We may not climb the heavenly steps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

"No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years.

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet
And love its Galilee."

That is Whittier. Isaiah and Whittier agree that God is not getting feeble. The Book of Isaiah is full of visions of what is to come. All are to know the Lord. Many have postponed these fulfillments to a place called heaven. There is no reason why that I know of. There is nothing the matter with the sunrise or sunset. I am satisfied with the mountains and I am satisfied with the sea. The earth is a good enough stage for the plays of Isaiah and even of St. John.

I expect much from these closing years of

this century. The last years of the eighteenth were eventful. An anonymous friend asked me to read the first chapter of Charles Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." The times now are as full of signs as the times were full of signs then. Here is a picture of the period before the revelation that, as Thomas Carlyle says, "let kings know that there was a joint in their necks."

"It was the best of times; it was the worst times; it was the age of wisdom; it was the age of foolishness; it was the epoch of belief; it was the epoch of incredulity; it was the season of light; it was the season of darkness; it was the spring of hope; it was the winter of despair; we had everything before us; we had nothing before us; we were all going direct to heaven; we were all going direct the other way. In England and France it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the state preserves of loaves and fishes that things in general were settled forever.

"It was the year of our Lord 1775. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favored period. Daring burglaries by

armed men and highway robberies took place in London every night."

There is much more of it and all thoughtful writing.

These days are as those days. We are told that the harvest is abundant, that the hero of Homestead has raised wages, that Atkinson has invented a workingman's salvation stove. We hear, also, of hunger, and now and then of starvation, and often suicide. I am not going into statistics of prosperity and of misery. It is the best of times and it is the worst of times. Things are getting ready for a change by and by, and soon the people will have suffered enough. They at last are beginning to think, and soon they will begin to do. We are not going back to kings, we are going on to equal freedom, equality of opportunity, special privileges to none.

Men are rapidly coming to themselves. We have seen what man has done with material things in the last sixty years. We are now to see what he can do with mental things; with, if you please, spiritual things. Man is being revealed to himself. He has been

working on things outside himself on wood and steel and steam and lightning. He is now turning his attention to the undiscovered powers and faculties and privileges of his own soul. I remember Olney's atlas. I studied it forty years ago. Vast regions were marked "unknown." They are known now. In the map of a man much is marked "unknown." The best of us is weak and almost dead for lack of exercise. It is just beginning to dawn on a good many of us that to get on in life, to make money, or position, or power of a vulgar sort, is not the chief end of living. We begin to see that there is something real and substantial and eternal in the life of Jesus Christ. There has never been a time in the history of the race when so many people were dissatisfied with the things that are seen. There are many meetings of more than two or three met together reverently to explain the unknown country of the mind and of the spirit. We are in earnest to find out what we are and what we can do.

I have been much interested the past week in the spectacle over the bridge—in the people gathered together to take the hand of a

man who seems to be absolutely willing to be used as God pleases. He will not be paid and will not be thanked. He says, "Thank the Father." I have read of Joan of Arc, a girl of nineteen, a peasant educated to spin and take care of sheep. Walking in the garden she heard beautiful voices. You know her great story. Until her work was finished always she heard the beautiful voices. "Child of God, go on, go on!" and she obeyed. I have listened to this man Francis Schlatter. It does not appear that he chose his work; it appears that he was chosen for it.

Long he argued with himself for and against strict obedience to the voice he heard. It has not been an easy path he has trod from Denver to the Pacific and back again, depending always on what is to him the voice of "The Father." This man has walked across deserts and over mountains, slept in rain and sleet and snow, asked for food when told to ask for it, gone without when told to go without. I talked with a locomotive engineer who on his trips often passed him. He said: "If I could have found him at a station I would have taken him aboard and paid his fare. But as it hap-

pened, I always saw him between stations." But you here have read the main incidents of the later life of this man. I do not wonder that people go to get help from him. I believe that he has observed the conditions of power. He has taken no care of himself. He has gone where he believes he was sent. He has done what he believes he was told to do. He is the only man of the kind and degree that I ever saw. If people can not get good from God through him I do not know why. He has conformed. It is the most literal following of Jesus Christ that I have ever known. It was to be expected that he would be treated harshly. Some people have fully met the expectation. A distinguished clergyman of this city, who is apt to say bright things, is reported to have said that the reason that the clergy did not indorse the man was because if they did the people would expect them to do what he is doing, and they don't know how.

This man has made me ashamed of my easy way of taking hold of my work. He has helped me morally. The day after I met him I took hold of a disagreeable, painstaking job that but for the interview I should cer-

tainly have declined. I have a strong native dislike to the disagreeable. He has cured me of that.

I shall present no statistics as to cures accomplished. That is not my point to-day. The point is this: We read the Bible, we read there of the sick cured by men who were obedient to God as they understood Him; we read of conditions of power not limited to any country or years. Let any man any time or anywhere conform to the hard, self-denying, painful conditions, and God, through him, will do His work. As I have suggested, there may be many who will be compelled to suffer a while longer. As our mild visitor says: "They will suffer until they think it will be as the Father pleases." He is doing good here; he is calling our attention to the fact that the center and source of all life is God. Not a God who a long time ago filled a cistern and then went away, but God a free flowing spring, a "present help in every time of need"—Immanuel! "God with us."

He is doing good, as he is lifting our minds and our eyes from the earth. There is a larger thing than real estate. I have been

over this scene often. I see there the people who need help, old and young, all sorts and conditions, women with babies, and this comes to me—the scene suggests the lines:

"The Master has come over Jordan,
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
He is healing the people that throng Him
With touch of His finger, they say.
So now I shall carry the children—
Little Rachel and Samuel and John,
And dear little Esther, the baby,
For the Master to look upon."

Once in our lives we have an opportunity to see a man who does not take care of himself. He has lost himself in his work.

I look at this pathetic figure emerged from the desert and I mentally contrast him with some soft soldier of the cross who reads a sermonette and then says: "I am prostrated." He don't say tired, that wouldn't use up the alphabet fast enough. "Take up your cross and follow Me," says the Master. Many a time I have dodged that commandment.

This man will help us to be brave.

VI

AN ACT TO AMEND AN ACT ENTITLED AN ACT

THERE is much thunder and lightning and smoke about Mt. Sinai. The commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," is not uttered in mild, persuasive manner. It arrests attention like a policeman's club and a soldier's bayonet. It prevents the murderer's deed. The weakness of the commandment is that it does not prevent the murderer's thought. So St. Paul says, "The law made nothing perfect." The imperfection is that it does not reach a man's heart. Moses does what he can, but Jesus Christ does what Moses fails in. Suppose that you do not wish to murder, and not only that, but feel kindly toward every created thing, then what has that law, "Thou shalt not kill," to do with you? So St. Paul says, "If you are led by the spirit you are not under the law." It would seem, then, that

what we need is not a lot of laws carved on tables of stone or printed in thick books, but a few principles, a very few. All the law is boiled down into one word. Love is the fulfilling of the law. Law as an outward thing is very bulky and very ponderous. There is not a trunk big enough to hold the rules for the narrowest human life. But any man can carry a few principles in him. Squaring himself by them, he will never make any serious mistakes. What is more imbecile than a man who, face to face with an action, has to consult the outside authorities? There is no exact precedent for any action. Every human life is a new one.

Your next move in playing chess depends on the circumstances suddenly created by your adversary. There is no inflexible plan of even Napoleon's battles. I suppose the deep water sailor can depend on a chart. Ledges and reefs and rock islands do not shift about, and can be depended upon. But you can not depend on a sandbar. The channel of the river shifts in a day. Life is more uncertain. We often have no time to consult the nearest neighbor, much less to hunt a library, and if

we had time it would be useless. The Bible does not despise law; it gives it full credit for all that it can do. But there are limits.

Law should grow naturally out of and because of human needs. People find themselves in camp, away from the settled custom and habit of city life. At first things go as they please; at first and for some time there is a great feeling of liberty in camp; dishes are not washed, beds are not made; there is a general disorder, and all manner of litter accumulates; but soon it is seen that this will not do, and things are put in place and the camp set to rights. Any member of the company who does not assist finds himself unpopular. He may be tolerated for a while, but not for a great while. Carbonate camp had, when I visited it years ago, twenty-seven men. In winter the population would fall off somewhat. The photograph of Carbonate in the winter time is a snow scene. The site of the log-houses is marked by a foot or two of stovepipe emerging above the drifts. Snow begins to fall in September and lasts till July. The camp is by itself; twenty-five miles of trail over mountains separate it from

a justice of the peace, a sheriff, a jail or a poor-house. It is away from all the organized apparatus supposed to be necessary to law and order. But when I knew it the camp had never been made interesting by crime or misdemeanor. It is a peaceful, honest camp. If any one falls sick or is hurt his partners take care of him. The paths from the cabin doorways converge and meet at the post-office. Here, in the evening, assemble the twenty-seven inhabitants and exchange hopes and fears, convictions and opinions and inaccuracies. In summer, in daytime, the visitor to Carbonate finds the hamlet deserted, but the cabins are open; the nearest padlock is twenty-five miles away. The stranger is expected to make himself at home, use anything that he needs, make himself and his animal comfortable. But he is not expected to borrow anything. He may use the skillet, but leave it. There is law in Carbonate, but no complex and costly machinery law. The law is simple and natural, growing out of common need and common consent and common sense. If twenty-seven men, neither heroes nor saints, but average men, can live

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peacefully together in this way, why may not 27,000 or 27,000,000? If this can go on for a year, why not forever? The kind of justice that civilization is used to is fearfully expensive. It costs more to arrest, try, convict and hang a man than to endow a kindergarten.

Alfred Tennyson, when his eyes were young, saw the government that shall be:

> "Then the common sense of most
> Shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
> And the kindly earth shall slumber,
> Lapt in universal law."

He saw the little Carbonate camp magnified. Any law not sustained by public opinion is useless. And the sources of public opinion are many and obscure, like the sources of the Nile. You may trace the opinion of Carbonate to the post-office, where the men meet, converse, discuss and debate. Nothing is settled by vote of a majority or by decree of one, but all things are settled by persuasion, by slowly made conviction. The Carbonate post-office is a natural club. There are one or more clubs in every village and

hamlet; most of them are in the back end of the country store. The attendance is not compulsory, but it is regular. There is no constitution, no by-laws, no dues, but the club lives from year to year. Such a club is often the cradle of an opinion that afterwards grows to be public. I remember such a club in Milwaukee, a tailor's shop presided over by a Scotchman, who had been a vegetarian, and in England a Chartist. He might have been the principal character in Charles Kingsley's "Alton Locke." He is now a Christian socialist, diligent in business, but waiting for the day when rich men will come and lay their possessions down at the apostle's feet, to be distributed as every man has need. We read in the New Testament that such a thing happened once; this man believes that it will happen again; that men will sometime get tired of their congested riches and will be glad of a good general circulation.

The room of this club was partly furnished with a cook stove and a bed, and odds and ends of light housekeeping. This prophet lived where he worked. The club met on

Monday morning. I remember his usual salutation: "What is your latest thought?" We discussed what the signs of promise are. Under the head of "Watchman, tell us of the night," we took up the news from the churches, the sermons from the day before. I used to stroll in there myself, partly because I was afraid to keep out, and partly to hear the sermons of my brethren dissected. Various were the opinions of the members. They had united in a vigorous discontent with things as they are and vigorous hope as to what they might become. One would discover in some not far distant stage of the chivalry of labor that the master had found it for his interest to grant his workmen permanent interest in his enterprise and theirs. He would look into the future and see capital of money, capital of skill and capital of muscle, loyally and even affectionately joined together. I remember one asking again the question of Carlyle, why it is that a London cab horse, able and willing to work always, has food and lodging and looks sleek and satisfied, while plenty of London men, able and willing to work, do not look sleek and are not satisfied.

There is no "Darkest England" to a horse. It is curious that a stray horse is generally taken up and advertised. Suppose you take up a stray man and advertise him, who would call for him?

Back to this humble club can be traced an influence that now has effect on many men. It is one source of the Nile. Mixing with the farmers of the northern states, I have found certain opinions common to the people. It is easy to trace them to their source. They rise in the New York Weekly Tribune of thirty or forty years ago, founded and edited by Horace Greeley. There was a certain tolerance in that paper of queer opinions. Views and "isms" had an opportunity. Father and mother and the children were fed on that paper. In that paper I became acquainted with "socialism," and was introduced to Margaret Fuller, Fourier, Robert Dale Owen, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Owen Lovejoy, and Ossawattomie Brown and all the immortal heretics who were having a hard time then, and whose monuments we build now. Persecution and assassination of

men helps no bad cause. The immortal enemy of a bad cause is a free newspaper.

While I was at the Carbonate club-house the twenty-seven men were discussing the game law then recently passed by the legislature. To hear those men talk you would think that unless public opinion sustained a law it was helpless. The game law they were talking about specified that mountain sheep shall not be killed for a term of years. It seemed to those men that nature had sufficiently protected mountain sheep. All I have seen have been able to take care of themselves. What is really needed is a law to protect the man who hunts mountain sheep.

Mr. Buckle remarks, concerning legislation, that the most of it is to repeal something that ought not to have been done, or to amend something that had been done and done badly. He says: "Every great reform which has been effected has consisted, not in doing something new, but in undoing something old." The most valuable additions made to legislation have been enactments destructive of preceding legislation. First it is made legal to steal slaves from Africa, and

then later we hear Henry Clay asking for a law to send them back. Arthur Helps has noted what we have all seen, that many bills go through and become laws because of legislative fatigue. The member is hungry, thirsty and sleepy. He wants to get out into the air and into bed. Bad men do not require so much sleep as good men. Good men work a while and quit. A robin can vanquish a sparrow in a fair battle, but he can not bear the persistent nagging of the sparrow, and so he takes himself and his song away.

It seems that a statute, to be effective, must simply register, not a sudden emotion, but the settled conviction of the people. The mercury mounting in the tube does not create a hot day—it declares how hot it is. It is the great surrounding summer that does the real business. The fanatic can hide a thermometer under his arm and show us how the mercury jumps, but that is only a sign of his personal private fever. We will ask him the question of Emerson, "Why so hot, little man?" Let him consult the people before he rushes to the legislature.

De Quincy remarks that, if all the nations

should meet and declare peace forever, it would be an idle declaration, because at this time the character of the world is not up to such a resolution. A resolution is apt to be the expression of a mood. "Our moods," says Emerson, "do not believe in one another." We say words in the moonlight that we do not stand up to in the daytime. When the band plays and the men are cheering and the girls are waving handkerchiefs, it is easy to enlist "for three years or the war"; but afterwards south of the Ohio, plugging along in the mud, it is different.

Emancipation of slaves is right, but the people must be made ready for it. The impulse of John C. Fremont is not so sure as the deliberation of Abraham Lincoln. When the people are ready for it, it will be proclaimed. Our great American felt the pulse of the people.

You have noticed that if the statute makes the punishment for a crime too severe, conviction is difficult and execution is delayed. If the statute is too lenient, then there is a vigilance committee. The time to sign and circulate the declaration of independence was

selected by men familiar with the people who had a sense for what was fitful and what was fixed.

The consent of the governed is the great thing. If the people are to respect the law, the law must be respectable. It was impossible to make a fugitive slave law respectable. A certain college had made attendance at morning prayers compulsory, but the students had a sense that compulsory praying was mockery. It was harder work than inventing excuses to avoid it, and they chose the easier task. Now the attendance is made voluntary and has increased. If we rest the observance of the Sabbath on an arbitrary command, observance will be avoided; but convince the people that "the Sabbath was made for man," that it is a good thing for him, suits his constitution, that it is a good thing to have once a week a change of scene and a change of thought and a change of clothing, and so a rest, and there is no hostility.

A law can not abolish or create a fact. Can a woman write a book worthy the reading by a man? That is not a question for the legislature. I would simply ask Marion

Evans or Miss Murfree to write a book or so, and to disarm prejudice, sign a man's name to them, and let them go on their merits. That has settled the question. Let some man undertake to write a sequel to "The Mill on the Floss," or assist Miss Murfree in another "Legend of the Great Smoky Mountain," or add a few lines to the hymn that begins with "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord." Proof will make the wildest theory acceptable.

"Politics," said Edmund Burke, "ought to be adjusted, not to human reasoning alone, but to human nature. To follow, not to force, the public inclination; to give a direction to the general sense of the community is the true end of legislation. When the people will have it so, it is not for their representatives to say nay."

"You may crush, but you can not kill
The patient sense of a natural right;
It slowly moves, but the people's will,
Like the ocean o'er Holland, is always in sight."

The church and the state ought not to invent sins. I have never known a man about

to die to call for a priest in order to make a confession of his successful smuggling. We are all natural free-traders. I have considerable sympathy for a moonshiner. He feels that it is his own corn and his whisky and his tobacco, all made by his toil—all his. I am not going to argue with him. General Dumont of Indiana said: "The people never are right, but they wobble right." Look at any certain one day's march of the people and account for it; all the feet moved. Happy the king or the president who does not get in the way of the column.

VII

SUICIDE

"Therefore Saul took a sword and fell upon it."

THE life of King Saul had been stormy. He had been beaten in battle. To live was to be abased, to be humiliated, to be dragged at the tail of a chariot through city streets fringed with insult. In that day to be a prisoner of war was more serious than death. Apache warfare is a survival. Saul did what many an American soldier has done in Indian wars—preferred death by his own hand to ignominious torture and death at the hand of his enemies. So Brutus died and Cassius after their last and lost battle. The reasons for self-slaughter were forcible in the old Roman days. The reasons against it were weak. Belief in a life to come was very weak. Socrates was one Greek out of a million. His hope of immortal life was not common to the multitude. Cato and Cicero were

not voices for the average hope of the Roman. The old doctrine was this: When life becomes too heavy a pain or shame go through the open door. So good and great a man as Epictetus taught the doctrine. "Life is too heavy; lay it down." The rewards and penalties known to the Hebrew nation seem to have been for the most part limited to this world. The writer of the book of Ecclesiastes does not feel at all sure as to the continuance of personal life. It is to him a question, "If a man die shall he live again?"

It is a fair presumption that Saul died fearless and hopeless. "This life is a failure," he thought; "then life is a failure," and he fell on his sword.

But now I lay down the book of Samuel and pick up the book of Shakespeare, and I notice a change in the minds of men. Shakespeare holds the mirror up to nature and tells us what men thought in their time. Hamlet has all the old reasons for self-slaughter, and he states them well: "The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised love, the law's delay, the insolence of office, the spurns that patient merit

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of the unworthy takes." His inventory of the grind of life, the general grimness of the human situation, is quite complete. No Greek or Roman, no Hebrew or American could better it. Hamlet suggests the old Roman remedy for this "sea of troubles"—a quietus to be made by a dagger. But there comes in a thought that did not come with any force to Brutus or to Saul:

> "To die, to sleep, perchance to dream;
> Aye, there's the rub!"

The Emperor Nero was a painter, a sculptor, a musician, a classical scholar, but things went heavy with his kingdom and with himself. He was being hunted by cavalry. He stood by his ready grave with his knife in his hand, waiting for his pursuers to come near before he put out the light. No fear or hope cursed or blessed him. He heard the hoof-beats of the horses and repeated a line of Virgil and quickly turned the last page of history. Sharing in the common thought of his time, he thought death was not a comma, but a period—a full stop.

But Hamlet has moved out from the pagan

world. Death to him suggests sleep, and sleep suggests dreams. He is afraid to kill his body. He can catalogue the ills he has, but beyond death there may be others, more ills and worse.

I find nothing of a feeling of duty that bids me live—simply this, the dread of something after death. This is an advance on the pagan thought.

Shakespeare states the current opinion of death as held by a young gentleman of Vienna:

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst:
'Tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death."

So self-slaughter seems to be prevented by fear. To the people of several bad centuries

death was the king of terrors. Life was not pleasant but men were afraid to die.

The mass of people seem to have dropped paganism, which loved life and did not fear death, and to have taken up so much of Christianity as to believe in a hereafter to be dreaded—the hereafter of Shakespeare's more modern men. No old Greek or Roman pagan would have put up with the life that millions born later endured.

What people think of death will be seen in their cemeteries. I have been in grave-yards of the Old World and in some of the new that are as horrible as crossbones, skulls, skeletons with scythes and doggerel poetry can make them. Weeping willows declare, "Here he lies." Nothing affirms "There he rises."

Let us move on and see how another kind of man regards life and death and the to-morrow of death. There is a man in the first century living in Rome who is marked all over with suffering. He has been stoned, beaten with rods, and cast into prison and shipwrecked. He has been made acquainted with all kinds of grief. Hamlet had observed the pains of living; St. Paul had felt them. They

were written on him. Hamlet was very young, Paul was "the aged." Hamlet had a task before him and time in which to do it; Paul's life was behind him. Why did he not take himself off as Nero did, or Saul, or Brutus? His reasons for living are slight. His reasons against dying were none. "To die is gain," he said. He would, when he left the world that had abused him, go straight to the Master he loved. But the old man waited on the Lord. He had not brought himself into life; he would not take himself out of life. So afterward did John Milton, stone blind. He said:

"God doth not need man's work nor his own gifts.
Who best bear His mild yoke they serve Him best.
His state is kingly. Thousands at His bidding speed
and post o'er land and ocean without rest.
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Paul's reasons for not living are as many as Saul had, or Brutus. The reasons for avoiding death, the dread of its dreams and its state that were so powerful with Hamlet and the young gentleman of Vienna have no power with him, and yet Paul stands steady;

he waits until the Lord, who gave him this life, shall in his own good time take it away.

Life is hard to the Christian of the first century; girls are thrown to the lions; the living hide in the earth with the dead. The pilgrim to-day at Rome can see where they lived and how they lived.

Life was bitter to them. Death was sweet to them. Nothing in sight to live for, everything by faith to die for, and yet in this great company not one would go to heaven until he was sent for. They did not put themselves to sleep. They were killed like Stephen, or they fell asleep like John. They did like their Master. The pitying soldiers offered Christ on the cross some kind of anodyne—vinegar and myrrh—something to dull the edge of death, but he received it not. He would go to God awake. This way of dealing with death can not be improved.

I have seen a soldier, after a day's long march, sent out on picket, out into a strange country. It is sleepy, hungry, nervous business. It is lonesome out there between two armies. It might come on to rain and sleet, and it has been known to snow. But, being

a soldier, he will stay out there until he is relieved. We are ordered into life; we will do well to abide until we are ordered out. The old gladiators marched into the old coliseum and faced about and said: "Hail, emperor, we, about to die, salute thee!" The world is a larger coliseum—life is a larger battle.

But I often meet discouraged people; I hear of more. Now and then a man throws his hands up. The appearance of things, I admit, is not specially cheerful. There are many things to dispirit, dishearten. We here have had two or three of the years that especially try the souls of men. But what is all our training good for if we break down now? The Americans of Cornell University have been preparing to row at Henley against the Englishmen of the famous schools. They have been for months getting ready for a few memorable minutes. It is no time for them to go to pieces now.

It is no credit to feel well and keep your chin up in good times; that is a matter of course. One of the greatest of the heroes created by Charles Dickens is Mark Tapley. A passenger in the steerage, with everybody

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sick about him, he is in his element. And afterward, in a Mississippi bottom town, where nothing flourishes but fever and ague—and himself, he comes out very strong. If you have not Charles Dickens's books, borrow Martin Chuzzlewit and read the brave story of Mark Tapley. It is good reading for a Sunday afternoon.

There has been a convention here lately very anxious to get the name of God into the constitution. That would do very little good. God in the hearts of the people is the thing. That means faith and hope, courage and fortitude.

A great change has been wrought in the minds of the people in my time concerning death. I can see it in the cemeteries, I can see it in the scenery of funerals, I can see it in the faces of people who have lately stood by graves. Death is regarded as an incident of life. It is no longer regarded as a violent, unnatural break and ending. For many it is easier to die than to live. But our businesss is to live. One has no absolute private property in anything, not even in himself. I like Robert Louis Stevenson, as well in his essays as in his stories. He

says, "A man has some to help, some to love. These duties cling not upon humanity, but upon the man himself. That life which began so small has now grown with a myriad filaments into the lives of others. To have lived a generation is not only to have grown at home in that perplexing medium, but to have assumed innumerable duties. To die at such an age has for all something of the air of a betrayal or a desertion."

Take an extreme case. There are men in the almshouses of England with the Victoria cross on their breasts, won at Balaklava and Lucknow. Why should they live? I say that these farmed-out heroes are very useful. Let the children see the difference between those who make wars and those who fight them, and perhaps most kinds of war will become impossible.

A man thinks he is useless. A whole chapter of the Life of Christ is devoted to a man who was born blind. He is more useful, more significant than his whole village of people, who, born whole, gave Christ no opportunity.

Loss of money, loss of health, old age,

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nothing earthly justifies desertion. Horatio wishes to follow his friend into death, but Hamlet forbids him:

"Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied. * * *
What a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."

It seems that a possibility of fearful dreams in the sleep of death was foreseen for himself by Hamlet, but not for his friend. Horatio is the only real Christian in the play.

I like Whittier; he was old; he sat in his house at Oak Knoll, in Danvers, and waited. His active life was behind him. Black slavery was dead. He could only sit and write such lines as these:

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care."

VIII

POETIC JUSTICE

"So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai."

HERBERT SPENCER, in his book "Education," insists that right rewards must have an artistic relation to conduct, and that payment, to be satisfactory, must be made in kind. If a child unloads his Noah's ark on the parlor floor and does not assemble the passengers again, but goes off and leaves them, what shall the penalty of this offense against order be? Switch the child and tell the servant to clear up the litter and set the room to rights? Oh, no; do not switch the child, nor call the servant; simply make the child undo what he has done; gather up the wreckage, put the animals back into the ark.

The natural result, or penalty, if you please, of putting the finger in the flame of a lamp is a burned finger. Do not put the lamp in a

cage nor stake out the baby away from it. Let him burn his finger mildly once or twice.

The old question, "Why does not God kill the devil?" needs to be well thought on. Man finds himself in a world where mountain lions and silver-tipped bears are loose. Nothing is in a cage. Man must learn to take care of himself. He must master the things that are against him and tame them. He must rally his brains and his genius. There is often no other reward for doing a thing than that which lies in the doing. Daniel Boone carves in the bark of a tree the history of a fact, "Daniel Boone killed a bar," and thinks more of himself. That thought and the worth of a dead bear for food and clothing and hair oil constitute his reward. Any premium paid by the state is impertinent and vulgar and not poetic. The penalty for failure in any battle is failure—that is penalty bitter enough.

The punishments inflicted by the state seem to be arbitrary and capricious, even whimsical. Of people now in prison, convicted of similar crimes, one is serving sentence of five years, another of fifteen and

another of two. Some judges are always severe, some are always mild, and some are severe sometimes and sometimes mild. I would not like to be sentenced by a hungry judge, or by one dyspeptic, or by one who was about to have a tooth pulled. In some conditions of public opinion it is unsafe to commit a crime. The late Mr. Stokes, being in prison and waiting trial for a killing, read of a murder and felt hurt—grieved that anyone should do a thing of that kind just at that time. The business of killing was being greatly overdone.

Human justice as a rule does not satisfy the sense of fitness, the sense of proportion—of symmetry. There are exceptions. There is more justice than we lightly think. Jesus sees the Pharisees praying long and loud on the street corners, and he says, "Verily they have their reward." They do. Their prayers do not rise any higher than their teeth. They pray to be seen of men, and they are seen of men. They get what they work for.

It would be strange if Jesus Christ should complain toward the end that he had made no money. He had worked for other wages,

and he was being paid not in full but on account. He had a great deal of property in the people he had helped. He held people as men hold land, by virtue of his improvements. The Peter he made was no more like the Peter he found than the town of Greeley this week is like the Greeley of 1870. Jesus Christ put a new heart into men and a new face on them—gave men and women an upward look. So far as he works on us we are his property. Always his. His wage is the world he is working on. Every summer there is less cactus and more wheat, and fewer snakes, less birds and beasts of prey.

It would be strange if a railroad wrecker and multimillionaire should complain that he is not loved. Strange that his ghost should complain. The man did not work for love. He worked for a short-lived power, and has been paid in full. Bacon says God tries a man every way to see if there is anything in him, and failing, tosses him a sack of gold and three words, "Go, poor devil."

I do not suppose the richest man in America is to be envied even by a man asking permission to screen sand for a living, if they

both have read Henry Lloyd's book, "Wealth vs. Commonwealth." I am reading the book the second time to see if I had in any way misjudged these powerful living unsentenced criminals.

It is said that these men do not care; they are not sensitive. Well, what is that feeling a sign of? There is nothing to be jolly about in the fact that you do not feel a tenpenny nail driven into your neck. It is something of a penalty to be dead. People will cross a continent to get life into a dead wrist. Selfishness is simply deadness. The still heart goes to sleep like a cramped leg. Some one whom I can not place by name left at my house the past week some books by Henry D. Thoreau that I had not seen. I opened one of them on this:

"We do not commonly live our life out and full, we do not inspire and expire fully and entirely enough, so that the wave shall break upon our extremest shores, rolling till it meets the sand which bounds us, and the sound of the serf comes back to us.

"Why not let on the flood, rise the gates and set our wheels in motion?"

Which is Thoreau's brief but full sermon on the text of his master: "I am come that ye might have life and that more abundantly." The "Bonnie Briar Bush" can be made to grow in Denver perhaps as heartily as in a parish of Scotland. It needs much attention. We must go out of ourselves for the sake of that kind of a plant.

Rewards and penalties are seen to be consequencing results. Here is all this costly machinery of sheriffs and courts and jails that a man may be punished. Good people do not need this machinery, and powerful or cunning bad people evade its actions, they "shove by justice." Now in contrast to this arbitrary method that fails so often, consider the natural course of things in the case of Judas. From the crime to the hanging of the criminal, Judas attended to his own case, was his own sheriff and jury and judge and hangman. He spun his own rope and wove his own shroud. Justice was done inexpensively, swiftly, surely.

And the whole thing satisfies not only the man but the artist. He was not fit to live here, so took himself away. In the

phrase of Peter, "He went to his own place," the congenial harbor of liars and betrayers. There is satisfaction in seeing Haman the carpenter of his own gallows. It is "a slice of the day of judgment."

Cain was not permitted to kill himself and a mark was put on him that no man should kill him. He was simply turned loose feeling that he ought to be killed. No wonder the lonely vagabond said: "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

He had not done much of anything, only killed his brother in a savage, sudden way. The way we are familiar with is slower, more civilized. It is not counted much of a misdemeanor to wreck a man's business, to shut him from the means of living, to make him a wanderer on the face of the earth—and Cain and Judas were not as bad as possible. They were alive, they cared, they sensed the situation. To do similar things and not to care is the last state in the imagination of Dante, of whom the children said, "There is a man who has been in hell."

The penalties we annex to evil-doers and the rewards we assign to the good often

seem to be tacked on, not results, and give the impression of cut flowers wired on to a stick. A man is injured in his reputation in the thought of his neighbors of him. And perhaps the court will give him money that swells his purse but does not mend his heart.

How can "the jingle of the guinea heal the hurt that honor feels"?

There is that which is admirable in the poor white of East Tennessee and Georgia. He is a "cracker," ignorant and "pore," but you can not settle every offense against him or his family with money. For one offense he will either forgive you or kill you. He is self-respecting enough to know no compromise, and generally not Christian enough to forgive. I have thought a good deal of the repentance of old Sam Johnson. He had, in some willful, inexcusable way, disobeyed his reasonable father. Fifty years after he went into the market place of Uttoxetter and stood bareheaded all day, and, as Hawthorne words it:

"A venerable figure, and turns a face sad and woeful to the wind and rain driving hard against him."

The market men and women gazed at him.

"Here the old man stands in the middle of the market place, the midmost man, the nucleus of the crowd, a central image of memory and regret. Here he stands, and the rain drips from the gray hair of the penitent."

In some states of the modern mind this may seem a useless, ridiculous picture, but just now it reminds me of Zaccheus. He was converted, soundly converted. It cost him something. He stood and said: "The half of my goods I give to the poor and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation I restore him fourfold."

That kind of conversion would justify "a protracted meeting," even in the busy season. Zaccheus was alive and the people he had fleeced were alive. He did something about it. Sam Johnson also did something, all he could do. His father was dead.

Visit Newstead Abbey, the home of Lord Byron, and look at the picture of Lord Arundel, Byron's grandfather. In a minute of passion he struck his child, and the blow slowly killed the child. Then the old man

had a painting made and hung in the gallery in a good light that men might see while he lived and when he was dead what he had done. Matthew Arnold looked at the picture and copied it in words:

"The stern, mailed father, staff in hand,
The little fair-haired son, with vacant gaze
Where no more lights of sense or knowledge are."

That a boy fishing on Sunday happens to be drowned may in a ghastly way adorn a tale, but it does not point the old-fashioned moral. Drowning is not the proper penalty for fishing on Sunday. It is often the result of not knowing how to swim, or possibly cramps. In a world where fire insurance of churches, orthodox and liberal, is carefully attended to, any fantastic assignment of penalties must cease.

A missionary to the Chippewa Indians in Northern Wisconsin told them that if they planted corn on Sunday it would not yield harvest, and they perversely proceeded to test his wisdom. They planted an acre on Sunday, hoed it on Sunday, worked on it no day but Sunday, and in August it was the

best acre of corn on the reservation. The missionary resigned. There is, however, a penalty for working seven days in a week. The crop may not fail but the man will. Instead of drowning a Sunday-breaker in a river how would it do to drown him in incessant business? Drown him body and mind and heart in that.

A six weeks' meeting in the winter, working up a revival, is a poor device of men to make good Sundays not kept in the summer. The Sabbath was made for man for his rest, for his reinforcement. Change is rest.

One reads with interest of the new almanac and the revised and corrected calendar of Robespierre introduced in the earlier day of the French revolution. There was a new deity elected by the people. A painted demoiselle from the opera, "with a red woolen night cap and blue mantle and eating mackerel," was elected. There was a new motto over the cemetery gate. There was a week of ten days. But soon the man who made these amendments got sick of the way they worked. And it was not long before Robespierre made the convention formal-

ly decree the existence of "the supreme being" and also "the consolatory principle of the immortality of the soul." It was not long before Robespierre had had himself amended by having his head chopped off. Are not these and things like them written in Carlyle's great book?

The real laws we find, we do not make them. The real rewards and penalties are fixed. My plant brings forth its own kind. An astronomer thought that if he had been present and a voice at creation he could have suggested a better arrangement of the machinery of the moon. Afterward with a better glass he discovered that his suggestion had been received and accepted and acted on before the stars sang together the first time.

In poetic justice the reward or penalty is wrapped up, folded in the action. It is there and getting ready and will in due time appear. David Livingstone has his wages and Stanley has his. There is something in the century plant. After many years of homely cactus there shoots up a pike of splendor, the blossoms are manifold. Nothing pays like patience. After a life of faithful monoto-

nous toil there will surely be something that is not toil and not monotonous.

It has been said of some preachers that they deal only with the "sorghum side of Christianity." It is too sweet to be true. I am making an effort to-day to squeeze in the necessary acid.

David speaks of the follies of his youth. It is curious how one is not done with these at his pleasure. They are not done with him. He can not cut them as perhaps he can the comrades of his youth. I have seen photographs and tin types taken of my friend along in '61 and '62. On the day of the first commission perhaps, the day of new uniform and the first shoulder strap. The latter was the biggest in the market. I see again the fierce eye and the feeble mustache: "grim-visaged war," aged 20. Now one would like to call in some old photographs. But it may not be; they are in the hands of our friends, fast in old albums, yellow as the sheet music of "Lorena." They are much giggled over. I know where there is one of an ex-president of the United States, ex-good soldier, too, that is worth more than gold.

Vainly he has begged to ransom it. Vanity is quite dead in him now, but justice requires that which is past. That is the way he felt and looked in '61. There is one of mine around somewhere that I should be inexpressibly glad to steal.

There is much advantage in moving away from the place where one was a young thing. Dignity in a new town has an easier and surer seat. You can't be much of an aristocrat where you have done manual labor. Vain is the exhortation of Hawthorne, "Be true, be true, be true." For all men it is too late; not, however, for any too late to begin. In "The Scarlet Letter" we sense the compelling power which makes the respected minister of the parish take his place on the scaffold beside Hester Prynne and Little Pearl. The power is no fiction. It works in all people who are alive.

Men are naturally honest. The truth lies uppermost in the mind. It is easier to lie with pen and paper than extempore and offhand. In extempore speech the top thought is handiest. You can write a thing so as not to say it, or to say it otherwise than it is.

The conversation of jealous nations is by letters carefully considered. The Talleyrand talent of using words to conceal thoughts is in demand in any conversation between powerful nations. To nearly and finally succeed in lying presupposes a genius that a liar seldom possesses. The truth-teller has only to remember one thing. The liar has to remember two things. The thing as it is and the thing as he tells it. It is just double the labor. Any kind of a transgressor has too many things to remember. The set of things is against him. There is an untimely knocking at the door that is hard on the nerves of Macbeth and his wife. "Hear it not, Duncan?" There is an untimely dog. An Apache trailer can see a track on bare rock. The pressure of a foot in a moccasin does not leave a stone as it found it; the difference marks the trail.

The exchange of foils in the play of Hamlet is strict justice. There is no human purpose in it. In the scuffle of the fencers they are exchanged and Laertes takes a dose of his own medicine, and somehow the queen blunders and drinks from the poisoned cup. Of

the four who die two die by a well arranged accident. Of the four who die three ought to die for their sins and the fourth ought to die because his errand is done. Horatio lives, and ought to live to report the thing as it was. It does not lesson the force of this that it is found in Shakespeare. He holds the mirror up to nature, and what we see in the play we may see in life, or will see when the play is played out. Shakespeare, Uncle Remus, Esop, George Eliot, Hawthorne and life are one. You know how Martin Farquhar Tupper sinned against the muse. He wrote an ode to the first Atlantic cable and the cable broke. It could not stand the strain. And you know the screaming rhetoric of the Rev. De Witt Talmage. Justice was very slow in the case of these two sinners, but she arrived. It was made to happen that Tupper crossed the sea and was for a fortnight the guest of Talmage. That is satisfactory. Tupper read his poetry to Talmage and Talmage read his sermons to Tupper. And the world said, "It is enough."

"The mills of the gods grind slow,
But they grind exceeding sure."

I have never heard of a plan better arranged or thought out than the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. The horse was at the door, the country was wide. The friends of Booth were intelligent. A boat was standing off and on to take him if there was need into the trackless ocean. But in four days he was dead. It was arranged that in springing from the president's box to the stage he should tangle his spur in a fold of the flag that draped the box. The flag he was trying to pull down, pulled him down; pulled him down at the right angle to break a bone in his leg that one needs to ride with. The actor whose part it was to turn off the gas forgot his part. The play did not move as smoothly as at the rehearsal. It was a night of blunders; men who ought to have been in place failed.

At the death of General Robert E. Lee, the great soldier and man, New Orleans went into mourning, as well she might. The business streets were somber with crape. Especially mournful was a certain book store on St. Charles street. In front of this was a great globe representing the earth, such as

may be seen in our schools. This was in crape. But the wind blew and the drapery had been ruffled. I saw that all the round earth was in mourning; America, North and South; Europe, Asia, the islands of the sea, all in crape except Africa. The wind had lifted the crape. Ethiopia was not in mourning, but shining in the sun. I called the attention of the proprietor of the store to this, and he at once rearranged the drapery of woe.

From what I have said there will come a suggestion, and I hope a conviction, that the short creed of Harriet Beecher Stowe is as true as it is short. She says: "What ought to be will be." It is not at all doubtful that we shall finally go to the place and the company where we belong. The future for us is the sum total of our actions, and thoughts are actions. There will be no arbitrary, slight-of-hand assignment; character seems to be destiny.

"Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind or tide or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate
For, lo! my own shall come to me."

IX

PERE MARQUETTE

I WILL try to brush the dust from a half-forgotten page of American history. I find the name Marquette on the map. A creek, a river, a city and a county are named after him. The place where he died on the east shore of Lake Michigan was known as Pere Marquette until some thirty years ago, when the people of the village voted to change it to Luddington. They preferred the patronage of a living lumberman to that of a dead saint. They did what they could to blot out the only romance that brightened the beach in front of their poor little village. But the old lake captains are loyal. They still call the place "Pere Marquette."

Sentiment in America rarely interferes with business.

We have shown a singular taste in naming many of our towns. George William Curtis woke up one night and heard the complaint

of a city on the shore of a lake. I that am "Buffalo" might have been "Ontario." The whole country of these states was full of musical Indian names, ready made. What is the use of calling a village Plattsville? Susquehanna or Juniata sounds better than Plattsville. What is the use of filling up a new country and vulgarizing it with villes? Kalamazoo has some rush to it. Oskosh is not a feeble name, and it is not a feeble town; at least, it was not when the town and some of our citizens were young. "Tin Cup" and "Frying Pan" at least suggest something local. There is an evident poverty shown in the selection and invention of names. There is a Watertown in Massachusetts, one in New York, one in Ohio, one in Wisconsin and one in Dakota. There are doubtless more. Why any?

Why import names? Why New York? Why not let Manhattan stand? "Albany" will do, but why New Albany and New Buffalo! I have heard the brakeman yell "Pekin." What Chinaman did that job? Why circumnavigate the globe to get a ridiculous name? These imported names make the

western world look like a dependency. Names ought to suggest the look or the history of the thing named, except in the case of Pottsville. When Jacob founds a nation he becomes "Israel." The converted Saul of Tarsus became St. Paul of the world. Hendrick Hudson sailed up the grand river and said as he saw its shores: "It is a goodly land and pleasant for to see." The river adorns his name and his name adorns the river.

We have some names that fit. Jacques Cartier came feeling his way up the St. Lawrence and saw a high and mighty cliff, and he said in Norman-French: "Quebec." "What a beak?" That rock eagle was there then and is there now, stands steady, watching the river up and down against the coming of Indians and Frenchmen and Englismen and Fenians. "Montreal," mount royal, is altogether right. Many names on the St. Lawrence are right. Sailing down that river is like sailing through a calendar. The saints' names abound. History is written on the map.

There seems to be an impression abroad

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that the New World was discovered and explored and settled exclusively by Baptists and Presbyterians and Methodists. I look at the map, at the names of towns and rivers, and conclude that the impression is a mistake. There are French and Spanish names scattered thickly on the surface of these states, especially along the lakes and rivers. Look along the banks of the Mississippi. I remember St. Cloud, St. Anthony, St. Paul, La Crosse, St. Louis, St. Charles, Baton Rouge, New Orleans.

Look along the Illinois river. I have heard the conductor say, "La Salle, twenty minutes for dinner." It is a slight memorial to a great planter of a New France in the New World. Almost without exception whenever you think of a poetic, musical name of a town or river or mountain, the name is Indian, or Spanish, or French. "Baldwinsville" is strictly English and Protestant. We are quite sure who it was that christened mountains "Sangre de Christo." Dolores and San Miguel and San Luis. The footprints of Jesuits and Franciscans are plain on the map. The places they named are where their camp-

fires burned. Bancroft puts the priest before the soldier and the trader. He says: "Not a cape was turned, not a river entered, but a priest led the way." Often all the bread he had was for consecration; all the wine he had was for the communion cup.

Bancroft writes of Father Marquette as if he loved him. Francis Parkman devotes chapters to his brave story. All historians warm to him. Bancroft says: "The West will build his monument." I don't know. Years ago we formed a society to do that thing. We were going to place it at Mackinac. Perhaps it has been done. Monument building is slow work in this country. There is a monument to General Jackson begun on the line a little below New Orleans, where he slaughtered the British. It was begun a long while ago. When I last saw that monument it looked more like a well. It is like some lives—begun well but ended like La Salle and the empire of New France.

Marquette is a good center around which to assemble the history of the west. He is seen in the gray of the morning before the appearance of "corrupt and unsafe territories and

states undesirable'' to Mr. Cleveland. More fortunate than Abraham Lincoln, Marquette had no publisher to turn into gossip the little details of his private life.

The curtain ought to fall on the domestic life and slippered state of people—of all people. One can write biography without being a body-snatcher. ''Count no man happy until he is dead,'' is an old out-worn saying. He is not safe now until he is dead about two hundred and fifty years.

James Marquette was born in 1637, in the hill country of France. He was well-born, one of the children who does not need to be born again, a child that needs no conversion. A brave and loving spirit and plenty of land and gold fell to him by inheritance. He was well fed on wheat and beef and grapes and out-of-doors. He was well fed on the stories of valor and of faith, on Plutarch's lives of heroes, and on Luke's lives of Saints.

The diet of a child's mind has much to do with the quality of his mind. Feed him on lives of peddlers like John Jacob Astor and he will be that kind of peddler. The child must be fed on good thoughts.

At the age of seventeen the boy Marquette was enrolled in a Jesuit school, and the twelve years thereafter were uneventful years of study, the sharpening of the scythe. In 1666 he prayed to be ordered to Canada. For what reason? France was good to him. No broken hope, no faded dream crowded him from the shore. The world was before him where to choose. Why choose the wilderness?

The errand of La Salle to the New World was to add an empire to France, and land and gold and fame to himself. La Salle looked upon the Mississippi as an outlet for a mighty trade in furs and buffalo skins. He was a commercial traveler; a mixture of soldier and trader.

Or, contrast Marquette with the Plymouth pilgrim. The Puritan was driven over the sea. Miles Standish had little to lose by coming west. Many of the settlers of Jamestown left England on account of their belief. They believed they would be hung if they stayed. But Marquette was called, not like David from keeping sheep to be chieftain, prince and king, but to go down among

wolves, to go armed with a crucifix to men who despised mercy. He knew the task before him. The experiment of carrying the gospel to the savages of Canada had already been tried. Nine of the twenty-two missionaries had already met death by torture. Killed by the Iroquois, not because they were white men, not because they were missionaries, but because they were found in what the Iroquois considered the bad company of their enemies.

Father Bressari had written to France his missionary experience. "I do not know," he said, "if you will recognize the handwriting. The letter is soiled and ill-written, because the writer has only one finger of his right hand left entire, and can not prevent the blood from staining the paper; his ink is gunpowder mixed with water, and his table is the earth."

They split his hand with their teeth, and then insisted on his singing. Every evening a chief cried aloud through the camp: "Come, my children, and caress the prisoner." They caressed him with live coals and red-hot stones, "burned off now a finger

nail, and now the joint of a finger, rarely more than one at a time, for they economized their pleasures." At night they left him on the ground fast bound to four stakes. The father writes to his superior in France: "I could not have believed that a man was so hard to kill."

Here is a description of the home of a missionary in Canada: "A hut thirteen feet square, inhabited by nineteen savages, men, women and children and dogs."

One missionary arranges his grievances under four chief heads: "Cold, heat, smoke and dogs." In pitch-pine smoke he read his prayer-book, and the "letters seemed printed in blood."

Canada was the parish, and this the parsonage, to which Marquette was called. Surely the motive was great that made him hasten joyfully to this comfortless wilderness. It was a forlorn hope. It meant death, slow or quick. What was the motive? The motive of St. Paul, the motive of Jesus Christ, to seek and save that which is lost.

The warning graves in Canada had no power to hinder Marquette.

On the 20th of September, 1666, he landed at Quebec. He was assigned to the mission of Sault Ste. Marie. It was a journey of nine hundred miles, part of the way by canoe, part of the way through the woods. On this journey he made his acquaintance with the paddle and the new world diet—parched corn — and learned, also, what the word "portage" means. Forty-seven times he had to lift his canoe out and carry it on his head awhile, and so shorten the distance. He writes from the Sault cheerfully. He says: "It is a great consolation to see such pliancy in savages. I live in peace and spend the days in teaching them to pray."

But that was too easy for him. At his request he was ordered to La Pointe, an island near the head of Lake Superior. Here he met a party of the "Illini," who had come from the south, a thirty days' journey. From them he received the first information of the Missouri river and Northern Mississippi. They said that below them were great nations who used wooden canoes and raised abundance of corn. The purpose to explore these

rivers was then formed, and soon we hear from him at Mackinac.

Meantime it is evident that these savages, if they do not love God, love Marquette. They are like children; follow him when he is awake and watch over him when he is asleep. They can not bear that he should leave them, even for a week. They follow him and kiss the track of his shoes in the snow. We have to consider the material that love was working on. Not demonstrative, affectionate natures, but Indian nature. Carniverous — life a battle and a sleep — wearers of hawks' feathers, each feather meaning a killing and a scalp; trained as babies, never to cry, never to pity, never to forgive. Here is one of them being tortured. Pine sticks were stuck in his flesh, and then set on fire, but he smiled and said to his tormentors: "You can't make me wince; if you were in my place you would screech like babies."

This is the material that Marquette is working on, and they are following him not for the sake of heaven, but because he is going that way. But he was too comfortable. He wanted to visit the nations to the south, and to

find out whether the great river emptied into the Gulf of China or the Gulf of California.

In 1672, in answer to his prayer, his order came to go and establish a mission among the "Illini." And he was soon ready, having selected Joliet as companion. They had two birch-bark canoes, and a store of dried meat and parched corn. They paddled through the straits and along the north shore of Lake Michigan. The first new people he met were Menominies, "Wild Rice." From them he heard terrible stories of the dangers of the great river. There was a monster in it whose mouth was as wide as the river, whose under jaw lay on the bottom. His voice could be heard for miles. Nothing could get by him. He lived on canoes.

Marquette reached the head of Green Bay and entered Fox river, crossed Lake Winnebago, and followed the upper Fox to the portage. The canoes were lifted from the Fox, carried a mile and lowered to the Wisconsin. On this water shed, this divide, a drop of rain glancing on a pebble decides its course—one way to the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, the other way to the Gulf of Mexico.

"The Wisconsin," he says, "is broad, and with a sandy bottom and full of turns." A hundred miles of floating and paddling and he saw on the right hand the broad Prairie du Chien, and before him flowed the River of Rumor. "On the 17th of June," he writes, "I entered the river with a joy that I can not express."

On the eighth day of the journey, they saw footprints by the water side, and landing and following the path came to three villages. Here men came out to meet them. "I," says Marquette, "spoke to them first and asked them who they were." They answered: "We are Illini. We are men." An old man made the speech of welcome. He raised his hand as if to screen his eyes from the light, and said: "How bright is the sun, O Blackgown, when thou comest to visit us! Enter into our houses in peace. Never has the river flowed so gently as since you floated on it; never has our corn tasseled so; never has our tobacco had so fine a flavor. Welcome, Frenchman!"

I do not suppose that the present mayor of Muscatine could improve on that speech.

The visitors were feasted, first a course of hominy, and then fish with the bones taken out, and then boiled dog. The liking for that is said by Marquette to be an acquired taste. The last course was roast buffalo. Some tobacco was burned, and the journey down the river resumed.

They passed the painted monsters on the rocks. These pictures of Indian gods are faded out now. In 1865 they were supplanted by the inscription: "S. t, 1860, X Plantation Bitters," a fluid the memory of which is pleasant to old soldiers.

The voyagers held their way past the site of St. Louis, very quiet then and doing no business whatever. And so on to Memphis. "They were in a country now," Marquette says, "that the mosquitoes could call their own." They went for the blue blood of this son of France. When the mouth of the Arkansas was passed they rested. They had done their errand. They had finished the map of the great river begun by De Soto. The river might now be said to be discovered. The record of the up-stream journey is a journal of hard paddling. When the Illinois river

was reached they turned into it and halted at Kaskaskia, near the present city of Ottawa. Here was the chief town of the "Illini," with a population of 10,000. Here Marquette established a mission, and then made his way to Lake Michigan, and on September 1 the canoes were lifted out at Green Bay, and the hand that had measured 2,700 miles with strokes of his paddle, writes: "If this journey has resulted in the salvation of a single soul I am satisfied, and this I have reason to know, for once at evening they brought to me an Indian child whom I baptized."

The salvation of one savage child was more to him than was the discovery of the great river. You see he believed his creed, put his life into it. Belief and action are surely better than doubt and folded hands.

But now at ease, again he was sick. After nearly a year of pain and ebbing strength he set out to return to the "Illini," paddled again down the shore of Lake Michigan, and, too feeble to go on, passed the winter in a hut on the Chicago river. Here is the scene of the first "minister's donation" in the West. It was a good deal like the "donations" of

my childhood. Our family was a victim to the annual donation. They brought to Marquette stuff to eat, and remained to eat it. As a child I wished the donors had eaten all their gifts. A doughnut fried in January is a trifle dry in March, but it must not be wasted. Vermont economy would eat it in April to save it. My brother and I used to drill a hole through an old "donation" scolloped cookie, pass a twisted string through it and make a buzzer of it, and try it on a sleeping cat's ear.

In the spring Marquette was again at Kaskaskia. Here he was received as one from the sky. On Easter Sunday he preached to a multitude. In the inner circle were five hundred old men; the next circle were the young men, warriors; the outer circle was composed of women and children. We have corrected that arrangement in Colorado. He passed from family to family, instructing them in the things of earth and heaven.

But the life that had been so swift was now slowing to the end. He set out on his return journey to Mackinaw, escorted by fifty "Illinis." He was mortally ill. When Lake

Michigan was reached he was so weak that he had to be lifted into the canoe for the northward journey. In this cradle, roughly rocked, he meditated on another river he must cross, on another country he must visit. Their course lay along the east shore of the lake. Mackinaw was still far off, when one evening, sitting by the camp-fire, he told them what would take place on the morrow, conversed with them about the manner of his burial, told them how to arrange his hands and feet, and that as soon as he was dead they should take his little chapel bell and ring it softly, while they carried him to the grave—told them all this with a pleased face.

They camped the next night a little way back from the shore, near the mouth of a small river. He thanked them for all the love they had shown him, begged their pardon for the trouble he had given them, told them to go and get a little rest, and he would call them when his time came. In the night he spoke their names, and when they came he kissed them, and taking off the crucifix his mother had given him placed it in the hands of one of them, asking him to hold it

raised before him, and then with his hands clasped and his eyes fixed on the symbol, he thanked God for the grace He did him in permitting him to die a Jesuit, to die a missionary of Jesus Christ, and above all to die as he had prayed to be found worthy, alone in the wilderness. Silent for a time he said, slowly, "My soul hangs upon His word," and raised his eyes. The gate of heaven had swung softly open, and the light of the blessed city shone full on his face.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "So He giveth His beloved sleep." His heart had beat fast, he was through his day's work and had gone home at noon.

There is a legend that a handful of earth from his grave will cure a pain in the breast. Perhaps his story will strengthen weak hearts.

I think we feel like greeting him in the graceful hyperbole of the "Illini." "Welcome, Blackgown! How bright the sun shines when thou comest to visit us."

X

THE NINETY AND NINE

IT is unfortunate that nearly all theology was written by people who lived under kings—naturally enough to them God was a king. The image of him on earth was some king they were acquainted with. Now it is characteristic of kings not to know the people they govern except as a multitude. But when an American writes a book on the relation of man to God he calls his book not "The Kingdom of God," but "The Republic of God." In an old-fashioned kingdom everybody was under the laws except the king. There are plenty of laws for the people of Russia, but there are none for the czar. He is lawless. He can do no legal wrong. In a republic the president is, with the people, under the law. A citizen of a republic can read Christ's definition of God and understand it. God is not an Oriental monarch—he is a father. He made all things; he cares in a

special manner for every creature; not a sparrow falls on the ground without his notice.

We read of generals commanding one hundred thousand men—no general ever did it. The most that a general can do is to be wise in his choice of marshals and give them great discretion. In the afternoon of Chickamauga did General Rosecrans know what General Thomas was doing, or did General Thomas know what Rosecrans was doing? It was a battle fought by men commanded by colonels and captains. The general commanding did not have much to do with it. A human being of the greatest gifts, if limited, may, like Julius Cæsar, be able to do several things at the same time. He can not possibly be in two places at the same time. But Jesus teaches that God is with us—not far off from any one of us. At the close of the Franco-German war they had a great celebration of the victory, review of the army and thanksgiving to God. Well I can fancy some men saying: "Why, yes; God is interested in a thing like that." Some large thing.

But men are skeptical as to God's care of

the particular human being, to say nothing of a sparrow. There are so many folks. One looks on a night full of stars and thinks God is caring for them—busy as a train dispatcher. There is a dignity about keeping planets on time and in order. But one man is such a little creature. Even an earthly king does not know his subjects by name or face. But against all probability men in all ages have had a hope that God did take note of the individual. Prayer is natural. Man may grow out of it, but he never grew into it. Little Ishmael, cast out by his father and forsaken by his mother, throws out his voice. There is no one in sight, so he prays to someone out of sight. This hope that we have that God hears, Christ came to confirm. Here in one of our books is a very popular little song, called "Ninety and Nine." The popularity of it lies in its doctrine. It teaches that the greatest good to the greatest number does not satisfy God. "Ninety and Nine" are in and safe folded.

That is a very large per cent., but it does not satisfy the Good Shepherd. "I go to the desert to seek my sheep." "He calleth

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his sheep by name." The clerk at the hotel must learn to call the guests by name. It is a vast advantage for a public man to remember faces and names. A man so remembered is pleased to have made an impression that lasts. Christ tells us that the father, knowing the individual, does not merge him in the mass and lose him in the crowd. That gives man dignity.

At the wreck of the Northfleet one body of a baby was washed ashore (nameless). Those who buried the little body inscribed on a plank at the head of the grave "God Knows." That is right. Pope's prayer to the universal God is well enough as long as Pope has no need to pray. It is a kind of a metrical harangue to the system of things. But when a man is drowning he will not pray to the system of things. He will say, "God help me." "Where there is a will there's a way." Frequently not—then we pray to will Almighty. "The God of nations," the "great Architect of the universe"—these are not the titles of God which man uses when he is in real need of anything. Vague generalities to an all-pervading spirit

do not appear to the thief on the cross. He speaks as a heart speaks to a heart: "Lord, remember me." It is quite impossible to really pray to principles or systems.

Mary of Bethany and all the Marys need a care that is personal and immediate—a Providence that is particular, minute, special. People pray to God through Christ because he is human.

> "Human, and not angelic,
> The form he deigns to wear;
> Of Jesus, not of angels,
> The likeness thou shalt bear."

People could talk to him when he was on earth—anybody. He was especially attentive to the individual—some blind man, or poor woman, or little child—

> "What sound do I hear of a multitude treading?
> Who is it that passes? Oh, would I could see!
> It is Jesus, the Prophet, who round him is shedding
> The sunshine of mercy. Then why not on me?"

What Bartimeus needs is a Savior who, in the hum of many voices and the trampling of many feet, is able and willing to hear his voice, "Have mercy on me." This is the

character of Christ that people remember, and they think rightly that the cross and the grave have not changed Him. He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. David remembered his boyhood in the hills. His care for the sheep day and night, and he says of God, "He watching over Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps." The Good Shepherd, "the Father," is nearer the heart of man than the "great first cause,"—He who takes up the isles as a very little thing.

Must we choose between a general and a special providence? Why not have both? In one verse we read, "He shall lead His flock like a shepherd," and in other verses we read that the nations are a drop in the bucket and are counted as the small dust of balances. And again we read, "He giveth power to the faint." Do these verses exclude one another? I read of a providence so minute, so special, that God is said to number the hairs of our heads, and then I walk out into the world. I am only one of the many millions who crowd the earth. The earth is only one of many millions that crowd the sky. Who has seen the frontiers of the

universe? Look at the earth so thick with graves! What is one man's living or dying? What is man that thou art mindful of him? What are my wishes and plans to the God who sits on the circle of the heavens. They seem to me like the nest of the mouse in the furrow of Burns. Can the husbandman attend to the plowing of the wide field and yet take thought for the wee bit heap of leaves and stubble, the home of one of the least of earth-born mortals? He can—that is, the right kind of a husbandman can.

In the pity we feel for the creatures under us, we have an image of God's pity for the creatures under Him. We have pity, but we lack power; God has pity and power.

In low feeling states of mind God's special providence seems incredible. I live and plan and build, to be turned under the straight furrow of a rigid purpose that, set on grand and universal ends, takes no thought for my little life and my little house.

What is a single life to God?

"It spake, moreover, to my mind,
Tho' thou were scattered to the wind,
Yet there is plenty of the kind.

"Nor will one beam be less intense
When thy peculiar difference
Is canceled in the world of sense.

"'Twere better not to breathe or speak,
Than cry for strength, remaining weak,
And fail to find, but still to seek.

"Go, vexed spirit, sleep in trust,
The right ear that is filled with dust
Hears little of the false or just."

The voice is familiar. It is the unceasing effort of this voice to spoil the gospel—to make a man feel insignificant, worthless, abandoned.

"To sit unowned upon our burial sod,
To know not whence we come or where we be;
Comfortless, mourning for the mount of God,
The rocks of Calvary."

Will the Son of man go to be the guest of a man that is a sinner? Will the Christ of God take notice of the woman who with timid fingers touches only the hem of his garment? The common thought is that he will not. Will not Jesus, seeing only one hearer at the well of Jacob, and she a dull one, save his sermon for a multitude? The

disciples forbade children to come unto Him. The people told Bartimeus to "hush." The cry of the heathen woman is met by the voice of the disciples: "Send her away," "Trouble not the Master."

It is then a hard thing to think of the infinite God as holding the planets, and also as numbering the sands, as notching the mountains and also as making the grass to grow upon them. Men are divided into men who are great in great things like Thomas Carlyle —but the crowing of a neighbor's chicken set him wild—and men who are great in small things. Is it not possible to conceive of a man great in great things and in small? I can conceive of a president who would not know or care who was postmaster at Pan Yan, and of another kind of president who would know who was postmaster at Pan Yan, and who would not know anything else. Lincoln said the war was not killing him but the question who should be postmaster at Pan Yan was. Perhaps mortal man can not attend to the little and the great perfectly, but if he is a great man he will attend

to these as far as he is able. For the great is made out of the little.

The gates of great events swing on small hinges.

There were several important personages at and about the battle of Waterloo. One of these was a stupid peasant who nodded his head the wrong way to a question.

A general providence need not go out of its way to become a very special providence. Jonah, sailing away from his duty, sailed into trouble. We read that "the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest, so that the ship was like to be broken." The wind was to Jonah a special providence. It was on his account—the gale meant him, and was after him. But because the wind did that special errand was that all it did? Oh no, it had a thousand errands. The carrier brings me my letters; that is his business. He has a special errand to my house with letters. He brings me mine, and on the same trip brings you yours. I am able to see that the same carrier does many special errands. He carries joy to one house and grief to another. He is a general carrier of

the mail of the city, and a special messenger to any one who gets a letter.

The wind that made Jonah sick came from afar. It did its errand to him and then went on. It was health to the land. It came in at the windows of the sick in crowded Nineveh and pale faces turned to meet it. Nurses had prayed for a breath of air. The breeze came cool from the sea and the sleep of city toilers was sweet. The cattle of Nineveh were grateful for it. Ships lifted anchors and shook out their sails. It was an ill wind for Jonah, but a good wind generally.

Coming with a full pitcher from a common well shall I say, "The well is not mine," and feel spoiled and robbed because it is your well also? Because the Lord cares for all his children, does he the less care for me? Special providences are crowded into one orderly, law-abiding, general providence. The light of the sun is one special individual blessing to me. I need not feel miserable because it also blesses half the world. It is my sunshine—it is Robinson Crusoe's. I have my own special rainbow; nobody sees the one I see.

"Among so many can He care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad homes, a myriad ways;
And God's eye over every place,
Over but in? The world is full,
A grand omnipotence must fall.
But is there life that doth abide
With my own living side by side
So many and so wide abroad,
Can any heart have all of God?
From the vague spaces, vague and dim,
May one small household gather him?
I asked my soul bethought of this,
In just that very place of His.
Where He hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do.

What is your ideal of a great general? One who can move masses of men, plan a battle and fight it, and, as General Grant said, fight it "through." Men have been able to do this and lost a battle. The efficiency of an army depends on many small things. Soldiers must be fed and clothed. Cartridges must be handy and abundant, the powder in them must be dry; when a general takes note that a horse is not unsaddled and that the soldier is feeding himself before he has fed his horse, and attends to this, and also can win the battle of Nashville, he is a great general.

He succeeds in the great because he cares for the little.

God is almighty because he cares for the minute. Finally, consider this, nothing less than God can care for the least individual.

It needs the Almighty, with all his chemistry, to make and keep one blade of grass. The great sun rises for its sake. One pansy needs the universe. The leaf of even a cottonwood is a small eater, but it needs a long bill of fare. It will take a little of everything. All things must exist that one may. The feebler the child the wiser must the mother be. It requires a thinking God to take care of a man. We might almost suppose that an archangel could take care of himself, but a man needs so much; there is such a fog between him and the port he sails for. He needs a pilot. He says over the prayer of the Breton fisherman: "Keep me, O God! my boat is so small and thy ocean so wide." "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son"—that is general, but see how quickly it divides itself and becomes special—"that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

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XI

EMMA ABBOTT

IN 1868 I was practicing preaching on a small congregation in a small Wisconsin village. The church has since become a livery stable, the customary evolution of an outgrown church. Where the gospel was preached horses now "nicker" for oats. I remember the old church very well and the choir, and the favorite anthem, "A Thousand Years My Own Beloved."

One Saturday a young girl called on me at my boarding house and introduced herself as Emma Abbott. I remember her as she looked then. She wore some kind of a drab frock, which later turned out to be her traveling dress, party dress and concert dress. She could go from the railroad straight to the stage or platform, without any of the usual bother. She desired to know if she could have the use of the church for a concert that same Saturday evening, and I promptly told her that she could. She had some posters with her and a tack hammer, and she thanked

me, bid me good-day and proceeded to bill the town.

About 4 o'clock it came on to rain. I went over early to church, saw that it was open and lighted. There was no pressing a button in those days; we used honest old kerosene. To light a church was considerable of a job. When all was in order I appointed a man I could trust and who could make change for door-keeper, and waited for the masses to arrive. But for the rain we should have had a fair house, as it was we numbered seventeen. At 7:30 precisely the little lady with a guitar stepped on the platform, smiled at us, made the old-fashioned courtesy, hit the strings and began to sing. The pearls of song we are now familiar with, "Clemantine" and "Little Annie Rooney," had not arrived. The song-making faculty of the American was at that time asleep.

But there were some good old songs and the girl sang them. She sang "Within a Mile of Edinboro Toun." She sang "Kathleen Mavourneen, the horn of the hunter is heard on the hill." She sang the song sweet to soldiers, "Lorena." I have been trying

to get a copy of that song for years. I used to hear it in Nashville in 1863 and weep. It has the real stuff in it. Perhaps people over thirty-five in years would not care for it. I remember it as a boy remembers his mother's mince pie. The song is sweet and long. I think there are eight stanzas in it. If any of you have that song and will send it to me it will be kind in you.

The concert went right on. There were no waits and nobody went out. There was no languor, no passing of sweet things to eat. Seventeen people when they are pleased can make a lot of applause. We seventeen did the best we could.

That was the most memorable concert I ever attended. The least machinery about it, the most human nature in it. But the receipts at the door were only thirteen "quarters." There were four deadheads concealed somewhere.

I told her how greatly we were pleased, how sorry for the rain. And she thanked me, tucked the little guitar under her waterproof and was off to the hotel. This was Saturday night. Monday morning I re-

ceived a note from her. "Would I call?" I did call, and very frankly she said: "Here is the guitar for security, and I want ten dollars." And I said: "I am not in this kind of business yet; not at this time. You can have the ten dollars. You must keep your guitar." I was not conscious at that time of the law of chattel mortgage as laid down by Moses. He says in effect that you shall not take from a man the things by which he lives—the tools of his trade. But I managed to live up to the law. At that time I had not become wealthy. I had to slip out and try to borrow that ten dollars. I soon found a friend, a merchant, and asked for the loan and inadvertently mentioned why I was in such haste about it. He produced the ten dollars but he called me by a name which is always associated with defective mental faculties, and he prefixed to the name some good-natured profanity. Miss Emma Abbott went away that morning with bill paid, a railroad ticket to Milwaukee and a little money in the pocket of her concert dress.

Four weeks after she sent me from Buffalo the ten dollars with thanks. A while after I

heard of her as singing in the choir of Dr. Chapin's church in New York. By and by I read in the New York Herald that Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Chapin, Horace Greeley and others had made up a purse to send her abroad to study and train. A few years after I heard her in a concert in Milwaukee, and afterward in Indianapolis and afterward at home.

About four years ago, I was sitting in my house on Lincoln avenue when a carriage drove up, a lady alighted, the bell rang and I was called. I went wearily down, thinking it was a funeral or "an associated charity." She met me and said:

"Myron Reed, I have come myself to thank you for the ten dollars you loaned me in Columbus, Wis. Ten dollars, when one must have it, is worth more than one hundred thousand dollars when one don't need it." And she told me of her life, of the waiting and persistence, of one frock, of the making it over and making it do, of the finding of friends and of the outcome—friends, money and the good-will of the world.

Of course she could sing ballads for the same reason that Robert Burns could write

ballads. Your well fed, nicely groomed poet can not write a song of the people, by the people, and for the people. There must have been mud about the roots of a pond lily.

When, in the latter days of wealth, she sang, "Within a mile of Edinboro'toun," she sang it out of the old experience in small villages on rainy nights, when the trustees of the church she sang in were very nervous about the rent.

I am told by musical experts that she could not sing in opera. Perhaps not, but she did sing in opera, and people went to hear her. She was a favorite in the four cities I have lived in. She could pack houses.

What I went to hear was what was not on the bill.

The Americans like pluck, persistence. Her history had much to do with her success. She is "the daughter of the regiment" commanded by Abraham Lincoln.

The stock of all the poor girls of America has gone up because of her. She made us proud of her, and we all feel more hopeful for ourselves. She has increased the possibilities of life.

"Whene'er a noble work is wrought,
Whene'er a noble deed is thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise."

Place her natural gifts at what rate you please, consider how she made most of them. She said, like St. Paul: "This one thing I do." Roll lead into small shot and shoot at everything and you may wound something, but you will bring nothing down. Roll your lead into a bullet, shut it in on all sides but one in the barrel of a rifle, and take dead aim at something—something is hit and what is hit drops. There was concentration about this woman.

I go to the seaside, but the sea wearies me. It washes back and forth; the sea is there and the beach is there. The black and gray rocks of the Massachusetts coast hold their own. They are like the Black Watch of Great Britain in the desert.

There is a wilderness of Arabs about them and they charge by day and they charge at night, but the little regiment of heroes holds its square. I do not believe that, with all its mighty onslaughts, the sea will drive that

water through the planet. Emma Abbott knew her gift and she made the most of it.

When a preacher, twenty-five years ago, could not conjure anything else to preach about, he used generally to pitch into the Roman Catholic and talk about "the scarlet woman," as if she and he had gone to the same "district school." Now, in the same emergency the preacher works away at the Mormons.

He does not know anything about them, but that enables him to talk longer. The fact is that the morals of Utah are better than the morals of the District of Columbia. But it is safer to pitch into Utah.

Now it is about the right time of year for the annual assault of the theater—by the "theater" I include opera; broadly it is all one thing. It is a representation of the course of human things on a stage. Emma Abbott was a singing actress. How could she help it? I hear our canary bird tuning up—how can he help it? God made him for no other purpose than to sleep, bathe, eat and sing. It will be a sad, dumb kind of a day in the house when the bird tucks his head under his wing and does not wake up

and fails to wake us up. Rumor has longer and more powerful wings than any eagle. Anything but good said of, or, if said, believed of, Emma Abbott? Bad as the world is, never a word. "Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her."

So, my brethren, when in default of anything else to preach about, you conclude to pitch into the theater, please remember that the players and singers of the world are God's creatures, made to play and sing, made to cheer and comfort and give color to life. And always discriminate. There are poor novels, it requires no self-denial not to read them; there are bad novels and it does require self-denial not to read them, and there are good novels. There are plays, good, bad and indifferent. Players and singers are like the rest of us. I will not make war against any "class" of people.

People can not be classified by trade or profession. We have to deal with people one by one. The very name of preacher, clergyman or priest sets some people wild. Why should we be classified? We are good, bad and indifferent. Treat us as individual men,

do even so with the people of any profession or trade. Do so with the people who sing for us. And generally

> "Gently scan thy brother man,
> Still gentler sister woman."

There is nothing in any calling to make men noble; nothing in any calling to make men base. I find nobleness and I find meanness in all the callings. When you tell me what work a man does I am still ignorant of what the man is.

Let me sum up the life of Emma Abbott. She was born with a gift—she has made the most of it. She has made happy evenings for many thousands of people. She has told us again by a life what persistence is and what it can do.

I do not remember such an undiscouraged, brave heart. Columbus would have liked her in his crew. We crowded to hear her for what she could do, but more, I think, for what she was. Dying she said: "I am booked for paradise." I make no doubt she has arrived.

XII

THE LITERATURE OF POWER

"The lives of which our nerves are scant;
More life and fuller's what we want."

OUR country up to date has of necessity been given to material things. I do not wonder at the lack of American books and art in the past. I am rather surprised at what has been accomplished in these fine ways. The pioneer is busy with clearing land, making roads, laying foundations. He is of necessity a man of action. Meditation comes later. One can not expect a Plymouth pilgrim to do much painting in oil or much violin playing.

The California '49er and the Colorado '59er had to be very practical. The coarse arts are first in time. The American has been busy. Carelessly we think we have been a peaceful nation, but in the history of one family I can show you a great-grandfather

with Braddock in the old French war. His son was with Montgomery at Quebec. His son was shooting a smoothbore at Plattsburgh in the war of 1812, and his son was handling a Springfield rifle under General George H. Thomas. The nation has not until now had proper time for the higher, finer things.

St. Paul tells us to think on "the things that are lovely," and we have tried to obey; but we have been interrupted and forced to think on unlovely things. Our history has given us material habits and tastes. We are children of out-of-door men. The fathers, and at any rate the grandfathers, were busy with planting trees, digging wells, casting up highways, making a country, and weaving a flag.

It is quite difficult for the children to put on the scholar's habit and keep it on. A German can sit and read Hegel sixteen hours a day. His father was a student, and his grandfather. The habit is bred in him. Far otherwise with me. After a few hours my mind wanders to out-of-doors and my feet follow my mind. Rudyard Kipling complains of Chicago. It seems the committee of reception ran him into

a packing house in mid-summer—some acres of dead and dying hogs. But Chicago is not nearly so old as London. Packing-houses come before museums. We have now come to an opportunity to study other things than mines and railroad iron and corner lots.

I hope we are through with fighting. It is not only wrong to fight, but it is expensive. We might get over the moral difficulties, but we can not afford the luxury of war. We are past the pioneer "old-timer" stage of the country.

We have been only anxious to fill up America, and we have imported into it all sorts and conditions. The Yankee going west has met the Chinamen going east. We have several Poles and Huns—I have no prejudice as to race. Pulaski was a good enough American, and so were Kosciusko, Kossuth and Garibaldi. But now our anxiety as to quantity of population has ceased. When people go for lands when a reservation is open like hounds after a rabbit (twenty hounds after one rabbit), it is evident that the people are plenty and land is scarce.

We are not anxious for quantity of popu-

lation now, but for quality. We are inquiring what it was that made a little city called Athens great. Bulk is one thing, fineness is another. Universal suffrage is a great thing; there is bulk in it. A general election always reminds me of the resurrection of the dead. A lame citizen with a coat pinned together over the absence of a shirt used to meet me on the outskirts of the precinct and tell me how to vote. There are folks enough on this side of the oceans. Population, aside from war or pestilence, doubles every twenty-seven years. We will all be living in flats or tenements directly.

The distinct duty now is to improve the quality. A prairie dog village is large and thickly inhabited. We must raise the grade.

Thoreau says a boy dreams that he will build a mighty temple—has the splendid pillars and grand dome in his mind, and collects materials from near and far—but when he is thirty or thirty-five he puts his hands on his hips and concludes to be practical and builds a wood-shed.

Money is too highly spoken of. I traveled with a gentleman several hundred miles

and his conversation consisted of questions as to how much I thought this and that man was worth. Now, children, are very observing and they feel the climate, and often it is hard work to get a boy through a ward school. He wants to lay down his books and go into business. There is a temptation to forsake the school and go to Cripple Creek. No longer to read about the search for the golden fleece, but to join the searching party.

Years ago, when things were looking quite earthly and I was tired of the noise men were making with their buying and selling, I used to visit a painter. He lived in a mean little house in a low part of the town, with more or less water in the cellar. He was painfully poor—bought coal by the hodful. As to food, it was "lent" to him all the days in the year. But I always found him whistling and at work. He felt the pure joy of creating things that delight the eye and touch the heart. This was many years ago—now I reckon the city is proud of him. There is not an elevator or warehouse in town so loved as he is.

I suppose most American fathers and

mothers would be grieved to discover in their child a genius for painting and carving. With sadness would they see in their child a natural maker of songs. The only man in the village of Spiceland, Ind., who was known over the ocean, was George Dawson, a cobbler and also an astronomer. When there was no shoe to mend he was mending the map of the heavens, putting in new stars. He had on the roof of his house a telescope, home-made except as to the lens. But this man was counted a freak, a crank by some of his thrifty neighbors. I like the word crank. It is suggestive. A crank is a thing that brings hidden obscure values up and into the light.

What makes a country? Pile rocks and spill water as you please, you can not make Scotland that way. It is the folks that make a country.

Some one inquired of an old Scotch woman, "Where does Thomas Carlyle live?" "Oh, that daft creature," she said. "Why do people spier after him? You ought to know his brother Jamie. He raises a wheen more swine than any man about Dumfries." I think Scotchmen are not fully aware of what

brings American pilgrims into their borders. Perhaps the best answer to materialism may be found in certain facts of observation. I have seen men and women standing in line waiting their turn to go in and see the niche in the wall where Robert Burns was born. The June day I was in Ayr there were hundreds of pilgrims—mostly Americans—all come to see where a poet was born.

People will go up the Clyde, land at Glasgow, a mighty city, and inquire at once, "When can we go to Ayr?" A man is more than a city. The Burns cottage is a good rendezvous. You cross the ocean, land at Liverpool, and your ship companions for seven days separate and go every way. Go to Ayr and wait around, and you will see them again. They will arrive. This is a purely sentimental journey. Robert Burns discovered no fountain of the Nile; he made no path in the Dark continent. He did not force the frozen gates of the Arctic sea. He invented no labor-saving machine. He cornered no necessity of life. He was a song-maker. He did in words what Millet and Landseer and one of my neighbors have done

with a brush. He glorified the commonplace. His sympathy swept the whole circle of life from a homeless field mouse and wounded rabbit to "Mary in Heaven." He has been dead about one hundred years, but people go from Colorado to see where he was born.

There are two interesting monuments in New York. One is Cleopatra's Needle and one is the statue of Burns in Central park. The needle is flaking off—dissolving. Nothing built by slaves and brought over the sea by thieves can stand the American climate. But Burns' statue is not flaking off. It is not dissolving. The climate of the country of Abraham Lincoln agrees with Robert Burns.

Taking a low, mercenary view of it, does a man of letters pay? Before Walter Scott said a word about Loch Katrine and Rob Roy there was no call for a hotel at the Trossachs, for coaches on the roads or for steamers on the lakes. Novels and poems account for these material things. The region is called "Walter Scott's country." He made the country. The number of tickets sold at Ed-

inburgh and Glasgow to his country of lakes and hills averages 270 a day through the summer. The average cost to the tourist is $20, which makes the dead romancer earn $5,400 a day during the season. This money, dropped by pilgrims, buys the daily bread of nearly all the people one sees on the road. Scotland never invested in anything that has paid so well as her poets.

Robert Burns did not cost Scotland much. He and his father and mother and the other children lived off of seven acres of wet, cold, clay land—lived mostly on oats. The income of the town of Ayr during the days I was there from pilgrims to the cottage was more than it cost to keep Burns in his most expensive year.

Mauchline is a village near Mossgiel, the name of the farm that Burns worked. The most thriving industry of Mauchline is a factory, where men, women and children are at work making pretty boxes and paper cutters out of the sentimental wood grown on the banks of the Doon and the Ayr. They get their bread from the hands that wrote, "Ye banks and braes."

What is Scotland? It is an industrious country. The Clyde rings with hammers riveting ships together. Much weaving is done. But the strength of Scotland is in no material thing—it is purely a glory of the mind and heart. It is the country of Bruce, Douglas, Wallace, Knox—men who did things, and the country of men who have told us what they did; the country of Scott, Chalmers, Guthrie McLeod, Norman McLeod. They all call him "Norman." The typhus broke out in a family of his parish. The mother sent over to the other end of the town to a dapper little rector. He came and saw the sick children, and he inquired whose parish they were in. She said "Norman's," and he asked why they did not send for him. "Oh," she said, "it is typhus, and we dare na risk him."

The first novel I ever read was "The Heart of Midlothian." I bought it because it was a thick book. Wandering about Edinburgh in front of the old parliament building I came upon that "Heart." The stones of the pavement are laid in the shape of a heart, and a few days later I found the grave of Jennie

Deans. The stone upon it had these words graven in: "Placed here by the author of 'Waverley.'" It is these things in Scotland that add human interest to the beauty of the earth.

The lake district of England is not finer than the lake district of Wisconsin. But in its time it has been the home of great minds and hearts. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, DeQuincey, Christopher North, Charles Lamb and Harriet Martineau lived along the road that winds among the hills and lakes.

At Ambleside I heard bells, and guided by them I walked down the valley to an old church. In England, you know, no wagon drives up to the door of a church. You walk a well-worn path among groves and enter the house of God, thanking Him that you are alive. On this evening I noticed a cross of flowers, new laid, on an old grave, and that being remarkable, I struck a match and read the inscription. It was the grave of Mrs. Arnold, wife of Arnold, master of Rugby, and mother of Matthew. Always the current of travel sets toward the places of plain living and high thinking. Charlotte

Bronté and her sisters gave lasting interest to a cold, gray Yorkshire moor.

Germany is where Weimar is. It is the country of Schiller. The Holy Land is land that has been trodden by sandaled feet on a holy errand. "There is nothing great in the world but man, and nothing great in man but his soul."

So we see what we need in this country. Our rivers are long, our plains are wide, our hills are high. Now we want men and women on the same grand scale. In order to grow, the children must be fed. No man is educated who has not read the best that has been thought and said. I can not get any patriotic glow from reading the census. It is interesting—the statistics of the crops, of the mines, of the fields and factories. But there is something that I remember every decoration day, and it warms me. It is the inscription on the one monument at Thermopylæ in memory of Leonidas and his three hundred. "Go and tell Sparta that we lie here, having obeyed her word."

Greek is not a dead language. Every good modern social doctrine is in Plato. Hebrew

is not dead. Henry George is very much indebted to Moses.

I think I divide mankind into those who read books with covers on them and those who do not. A man is shrewd and sharp and practical, but if he is not acquainted with the best that has been thought and said he is a limited creature. Mere possession of money will make good your entrance into a kind of society. It is the kind that one sees on an afternoon at Hyde Park, London. Here they come—the heavy carriages, the big-legged horses, the powdered lackeys and the lords and ladies—all over-fed. Some were born to wealth and a title, some have achieved wealth and a title. The beer business, if large enough, can achieve both, and so can the business in pickles or the shoe-blacking business.

I was never sure in England when I was looking at a knight or an earl whether I was looking at a descendant of William the Conqueror or at a man who had been very successful in soap. In Hyde Park you see a society. They come out there and are driven round and round and round. It is a melan-

choly spectacle. The driver and the people he drives sit bolt upright, with their mouths drawn down at the corners. Occasionally you behold an old lord half asleep, filled to the chin with much beef and gravy and pudding and six kinds of wine, with gout enough in one big toe to torment an American village. That is a society that you can not get into without money. With much money our daughters can marry into it.

But on the evening of the day of this spectacle I went into a society where mere money can not enter. I went to the Savage club. It was the evening of the Fourth of July, and we celebrated with an American in the chair. This is an exclusive society. It is made up of people who know some one thing well, of people who have heard the best that has been thought and said. I went into this place with an American lawyer who reads books, and an American poet who makes books. This club is made up of newspaper men, magazine men, book men, lawyers, doctors, musicians, painters, sculptors, masters of schools. First there is a two shillings and six pence supper. Then there is more or less tobacco burned and

the chairman of the evening calls up this one or that one to say something or do something. It is all impromptu, informal and intelligent.

It was a great evening. Out of the five millions of London is selected the Savage club for some special quality of brains, some cultivated gift. With much fear and trembling I said a few words myself and got out alive.

I am always glad to be in the place of books and to look into the faces of those who are reading the best that has been thought and said. Life is short and art is long. We are forced to choose, select, discriminate. The average human life is only thirty-three years and a fraction. We have not time for everything, nor for many things. We have scant time for a few things. Life is not long enough for any bad thing, nor any indifferent thing, and of good things we must select the best.

You are going over the ocean to be gone four months. What will you do? You will, I think, take a map of the countries over the sea and mark the places worth seeing. Then

of these you will mark the places you must see, the places you may see if you have time, and the places you will skip.

Emerson says read the best books first. One can easily spend his whole time reading, and die never having read the Sermon on the Mount. Of making books there is no end, but there is an end to life. Choose your books—books that have lived hundreds of years, have not attained so long life because they have been carefully preserved. They have been carefully preserved because they deserved to live. The sayings are not true because they are in old books, but they are in old books because they are true. We are familiar with the speech of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg. It is about two minutes and a half long. It goes into the school readers. Edward Everett made an oration at the time two hours long. It is not much remembered. I pass by a second-hand book store and see outside of it a job lot of books that have not passed examination. They are valuable to a paper mill. The ink is the only objection to them. The annual issuing of novels is wonderful. It is a pity to die well acquainted

with "The Duchess" and ignorant of Dickens.

What a triumph of genius that is to make the American in London go around hunting the places where the people of Dickens lived. These creatures of the mind seem more real than the people on the street. I spent a good deal of time following Pickwick and Jingle about, and on the path of Little Dorrit.

It is too easily conceded that because one is traveling that he must beguile the miles with whatever "the train boy" has in stock. The slang name for a train boy is "the butcher." He is supposed to be a reader of human nature. He comes into the car with an armful of books and sizes up the passengers and then distributes. The other day he gave my neighbor "Gems from Spurgeon" and dropped into my lap "The Life of the James Boys." A railway car is not a good place for reading, but if people will risk their eyes, let them do it on something excellent. Keep a good book in your grip ready for a fragment of time. The man who reads the best books one hour a day, all the days of thirty years, will have gone very far. I spent a

few days in the woods with a man who impressed me with his good memory of the best things that have been said on earth—one would think to hear him that he had a well-stocked library well attended to. I visited him at his home and found him a man of one book. He had a copy of "The Old English Reader." There are selected bits in it from Homer, Virgil, Pericles, Milton, Bacon, Shakespeare, Sam Johnson, Grey, Sterne, Job, Plato, Pope, Dryden, the best words of many lands and all ages. As a boy I read good books; there were none but good books at hand.

There is a literature of power and a literature of knowledge. A patent office report sent by a congressman to his beloved constituents, that belongs to the literature of knowledge. The parable of the prodigal son, that belongs to the literature of power. One puffs up, the other warms, kindles. For some purposes in life I get more out of a ballad than out of a sermon, more out of a violin than out of an argument. I know more about flowers than my mother. I do not feel them as she did.

I try the literature of knowledge on a boy. I impress upon him the chemistry of

Sedlitz powders. If an alkali meets an acid there will be a sizzle; that is an important fact. But one night I read to him the speech of Judah to Joseph that he might remain hostage in Egypt and that Benjamin might go back to his father. "If the lad go not back my father will die." I noticed his chin quivered. That is the literature of power.

Read the best that has been thought and said. One face we inherit, the other we make. The face we make and die with is made out of thoughts.

After we are thirty we look like we think, we are finally what we admire. On the upper lakes I met an old lady from Staten Island. The Northwest was new to her; she was curious as a child. At every landing she was first ashore and the last aboard. At the Sault Ste. Marie she looked at the white water of the rapids and she said to me: "This is what we think of when we are very sick." It is so. Now while we can see to read let us lay in coal for our winter fire. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." Thanks to books, I am not lonesome any more when I am alone.

XIII

WENDELL PHILLIPS

WENDELL PHILLIPS was raised in a family of abolitionists. My uncle used to come from a meeting of these people, and father would say to him, "Richard, go put your foot in the river, and hear it hiss."

It is seen that the abolition of slavery did not settle the negro question. It is to-day as alive and perplexing as ever. But the old-time abolitionist did not see that. To destroy slavery was his one thought. He was often very violent and one-sided. He seemed to forget that Newport and Salem were as responsible for slavery in these United States as Richmond and New Orleans. He was not fair in his pictures of slavery. Naturally, the abolitionist pictured the darkest side. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is not

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quite fair. But it was a powerful book. I remember when it came into the house. My father and brother and myself were hoeing potatoes, and mother was busy with housework. Father made some errand to the house and did not return for some time, and then my brother thought he would go in and get "a nut cake," and was gone a long time. When he came back I took a vacation, and found mother reading the book. We read the book in this way simultaneously, and the book went the rounds of the neighborhood.

The growth of the abolition movement was never comprehended by the politicians. It spread like a fire in dry turf. I heard Stephen A. Douglas say in 1859 that God blessed this country with slavery and God would continue to bless it. I have the thanksgiving sermons preached in New York and Brooklyn after John Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry. Only one man saw much significance in this overture to the dreadful opera. Rev. Mr. Newman, now bishop, said there was no occasion for alarm. Henry Ward Beecher failed to be a prophet. Burke said that public men ought to ride in the omnibus and not

in a cab. They do not mix and mingle with the people enough. The war was a vast surprise to politicians, but it was not to abolitionists. They had been howling calamity for some time.

Wendell Phillips was strong in his lineage; for an American he was remarkably "far descended," and his blood had not "crept through scoundrels since the flood." Five generations before his, Rev. George Phillips, the first minister of the Puritan church of Watertown, Mass., was his ancestor. One of his kinsmen founded Exeter academy; another Phillips's academy; one was senator of the United States directly after the states had been united. His father was the first mayor of Boston. It is a race of gentlemen and scholars. It is one of the first families. That means a good deal in New England and elsewhere. The child so descended does not need to achieve a position; and, added to this, Wendell Phillips had plenty of money; had no need to earn a fortune, and that is an advantage to any one whom money can not spoil. He entered the district school and graduated at the best college.

He read law and was ready for life when he saw something that gave his life impulse and direction. He saw a mob leading Garrison through the streets by a rope. It was a mob dressed in broadcloth, made up of men of wealth and standing. He saw that and he did not enter on the practice of law; could not well take the oath to maintain and support the laws that recognized slavery as an institution of the country.

In 1837 Rev. E. P. Lovejoy was shot by a mob at Alton, Ill., while attempting to defend his printing press. A meeting was called in Boston by William E. Channing and others to consider the case. The Hon. James T. Austin, attorney-general of the commonwealth, made a bitter speech, styled by the Boston Atlas as "most able and triumphant." He called slaves "a menagerie of wild beasts"; said that Lovejoy was "presumptuous and died as the fool dieth"; said also, in reference to Dr. Channing's speech, that "a clergyman with a gun in his hand, or one mingling in the debates of a popular assembly, was marvelously out of place." He had the somewhat old-fashioned notion

that a minister is not a citizen; that his business is on Sunday to preach on the sins of the Jews and on week days to get ready to preach on the sins of the Jews, varied, by going from house to house, making stiff little formal calls, inquiring here and there, it may be, after the health of the canary. Wendell Phillips, twenty-four years old, heard that able and triumphant speech of the attorney-general. He at once walked to the platform and said: "Mr. Chairman, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought these pictured lips (pointing to the portraits on the wall) would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead. Sir, for the sentiments he has uttered on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the blood of patriots, the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up."

Here there was applause and hisses and a great cry of "Take that back. Make him take that back, recreant." Finally Mr. Phillips resumed, "I can not take back my

words," and went on to issue some more of the same quality, only hotter. He notes the saying of a reverend clergyman of the city, "No citizen has a right to publish opinions disagreeable to the community." That is all we know of the Rev. Hubbard Winslow, successor to Isaiah and St. Paul and other prophets and saints, disturbers of the peace of the wicked. And that is all we wish to know of the Rev. Hubbard Winslow. I do not know whether I ought to ask your pardon for rehearsing at such length what ought to be familiar history to us all, but we live so fast and the present is so full that we easily forget.

I believe I will not beg pardon. Unless we know the beginning and direction of things we can not have a sound judgment as to the outcome. A man ignorant of the past of his nation is not qualified to have anything to do with its present or future. To work understandingly we must know what this nation of ours is for—what is the plan and purpose. If the master is dead, having left designs drawn upon his trestle-board, and we will not study them, how can we go on to work and build rightly the temple? A nation must not

be built with pieces patched together like a crazy quilt, each ornamentation working independently of the other. Of such a nation all architects will declare that it is "only reasonably safe," which is a way of saying that it may fall down any day. If history is necessary, it is better taught by grouping it about a man. For information of the times of Cromwell, I will read the life of Cromwell. Henry Wilson has written the "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power," but it is not so interesting as the life of John Quincy Adams, of Garrison, of Sumner, of Lovejoy or of Phillips. It is history, but it is dry—no succulence in it.

We have marked the beginning of Phillips, his initiation into the society of abolition. It is an enlistment into a forlorn hope, for in the New England of 1837 it is not respectable to be an abolitionist; it is not "good form," one loses caste by it and friends. I understand that at the lecture of Matthew Arnold in Boston Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Phillips met and shook hands for the first time in many years. An opinion as to the freedom of a slave divided neighbors like a sea. We that

are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak. Wendell Phillips felt and assumed the obligation, and it cost him a great deal. We, here in the unconventional west, hardly realize how much it cost a Boston man to be an abolitionist in 1837. He injured the trade of Boston, alienated southern customers of Boston merchants.

Eighteen hundred and thirty-seven was a timid, time-serving, mercenary time. It could hardly be called a year of our Lord. Theodore Parker describes the christening of a negro: "Thy name is Slave. I baptize thee in the name of the gold eagle, the silver dollar and the copper cent." Wendell Phillips held the southern interpretation that slavery was recognized in the constitution. He said, "The highest crime may be the written law of the land." For this reason he was not admitted as attorney at law, and held no office.

Abraham Lincoln said, "I will save the Union without slavery or I will save the Union with slavery; I will save the Union." Wendell Phillips could not assent to that. He saw the expediency of the union of the states,

but he felt the necessity of justice—let that be done though the heavens fall. Therefore, in the minds of many most respectable men Wendell Phillips was a mutineer, a rebel, a very son of anarchy.

It is not pleasant to put to sea in such weather. The winds were all head winds. But there seems to have been no hesitation in this case. He counted the cost and flung himself in. He said, "I love these streets of Boston, over whose pavements my mother tenderly lifted my baby feet, and, if God grants me time enough, I will make them too pure to bear the footprints of a slave."

In the French revolution a street fighter was asked how he came to be where he was and to be doing what he was and answered, "I was born on this side of the barricade." He was simply fighting with and for his class. That is what we expect. I see no mention in ancient history of any rich patriarch allying himself with plebeians or slaves except may be for some selfish purpose and for a time. I see no strong Alcibiades bearing the infirmities of those that are weak, making his every gift of birth and rank and wealth and culture

serve them. It required, I believe, about four hundred helots for the Athenian gentleman and scholar. He was a finely groomed creature.

Wendell Phillips put himself deliberately on that side of the barricade that he was not born on; took his place for life with the poor, the ignorant, the black, a race despised and rejected of men. Now, if some men do this thing people will say they want something—they are using the philanthropy as a means to a private end. When the ladder has served its purpose it will be kicked down. Wendell Phillips has not even been suspected of this inner motive, and that has been a power for him.

> "His strength was as the strength of ten,
> Because his heart was pure."

He did not need to hesitate and think, now, how will this help or hinder me in my chance for a place?

When the secretary of a literary society in any of our towns had written to Wendell Phillips, inviting him to lecture and asking him to state his terms, he answered, not once,

but many times: "I will lecture on Anti-Slavery for nothing, on Lost Arts for one hundred dollars." It has been well borne in on us that here was an American who loved a cause more than rank, or office, or money. In this was a power that a stump speaker, running for congress, and orator lacks. Edward Everett was an orator, but he lacked this power. There was no cause that he advocated for nothing. He lectured on Washington in thirty states and never mentioned in one of them what Washington said of slavery.

I have heard Edward Everett. With a boy's love for great men I spent all my money and the best part of two days to stand on the end of a plank and hear him at the opening of the astronomical observatory at Albany. It was as beautiful as anything made out of marble, and as cold. It was a work of art. He had left Boston the night before, and he described in that oration the coming on of day—the first faint flush of the morning as he saw it through the car window. It sounded *ex tempore*, but it was written in Boston. There was a pile of manuscript before him the leaves of which he turned, but never looked

at. And beside that there was then being set up in the office of the Albany Journal, from a copy of the manuscript, the seeming unpremeditated eloquence concerning the coming of the god of day. I thought then how a stormy, cloudy, dark morning would have hurt the oration.

But Mr. Edward Everett was a good judge of weather. He was afterward partner and speaker in a union meeting called to denounce John Brown as a felon and to extol slavery as a divine institution. Edward Everett was an accomplice in this work, while Wendell Phillips was bearing the dead body of John Brown, cut down from the gallows, to his old home at North Elba. He officiated at his funeral. He said, in the shadow of the Adirondack mountains, a few words of consolation to five widows, made widows at Harper's Ferry, and then he said: "John Brown has abolished slavery in Virginia. You may say this is too much. Our neighbors are the last men that we know. The hours that pass us are the ones we appreciate least. Men walked the streets of Boston when the night fell on Bunker Hill,

and pitied Warren, saying 'foolish man, to throw away his life.'

"Now, we see him standing colossal on that blood-stained sod, and severing that tie which bound Boston to Great Britain. History will date Virginia's emancipation from Harper's Ferry. True, the slave is still there; so, when a tempest uproots a pine on your hills, it looks green for months, a year or two. Still it is timber, not a tree. John Brown has loosened the roots of the slave system. It only breathes; it does not live long." He said in Boston: "John Brown has gone to God with the shackles of all Virginia's slaves in his right hand." Phillips was a prophet, but like Isaiah and all the prophets, he understated the outcome. John Brown went to God with the shackles of all slaves in his right hand.

Hindrances help. Wendell Phillips never did himself justice as an orator unless he was hissed. When all things were favorable, and he was getting tame, some of his friends lurking in the jungles of the back seats would start a hiss, and then there was music. At a meeting in Tremont temple, in 1861, he

faced a roaring mob who had come there to prevent his speaking. Finding his voice drowned, he addressed himself to the reporters in front of him until the crowd yelled, "Louder." Turning, he said: "Howl on! I am not talking to you; I am talking now (pointing to the reporters) to the United States." At that meeting, before he arose to speak, somebody handed him a note. He opened it and read: "Wendell, in the face of this mob don't shilly-shally." It was from his wife, a frail little woman with a great heart. When we know what kind of a wife he had it is no wonder he was in favor of woman suffrage. He heard her voice above the roar of the mob.

From that meeting Wendell Phillips went home followed by a hostile throng. He stood on the steps of his own house and said: "Gentlemen of the mob of Boston, I bid you good night. You have annoyed me very much by your censure, but the time will come when you will annoy me more by your praise," and he went in to say to his wife that he had not shilly-shallied. Years ago he was speaking in Philadelphia. General Grant was

his theme. The applause was weak, and the people seemed stupidly hostile. At the conclusion of his speech, as he turned to leave, there was a vigorous hiss. He came back to the edge of the platform and said: "I am glad to see that in this stagnant old city you have the life left even to hiss."

Demosthenes had, I believe, some natural impediment in speech, and to cure it he increased it—spoke with pebbles in his mouth, spoke amid the noise of the sounding surf of an angry sea. When he had overcome the hardest thing, all the less difficult things became easy to him. It is easy to speak to a favoring audience—to tell them what they wish to hear. But no great orator is made by that kind of speaking. He is made by a battle. The Swiss mountain guides walk far and easily a valley road. Wendell Phillips had plenty of opposition and of many kinds, and he early learned to fence. His foe, wounded to death, did not know he was hit till he tried to walk. The man's head was amputated, but so neatly that he did not know it until he leaned forward to reach his hat.

One of his later speeches was before one of the societies of Harvard, in the presence of the most conservative class, ministers, lawyers, merchants—those inclined to stand for what is old. He soon had them cheering the death of the czar. He said better one man executed than a nation assassinated. Of course, when a staid old merchant or divine read the next morning, in cold print, the sentiment that he had applauded the day before, he had a slight chill. I have heard him pronounce his eulogy on a San Domingo negro before a congregation of which nine out of ten believed, when they came into the hall, that no negro was the equal of any white man. In that oration he places, by historical facts, one negro, a pure black, above any man in arms against him. Above Brutus, Hampden, Lafayette, Cromwell, even above Washington, and for the time being the congregation said amen. But soon after dispersing they began to be skeptical, and probably within a week the wave of prejudice had rolled over them again, but they were not so deeply buried by it as before.

If a man is to defend the opinions of men

in a great thing, it is wise for him to conform to conventionality in all little things. Long hair does not add any strength to a man's argument on the rights of women to the ballot. The appearance of Wendell Phillips was a surprise. People had read his hot and sharp words and expected to see a fanatic in looks. But he was perfect in manner and in dress—as careful in these things as Edward Everett, and looked as conservative as Beaconsfield. Indeed, a widely-traveled English lord remarked of Mr. Quincy and Wendell Phillips that they were the only gentlemanly-looking persons he had seen in America. This orator of the people and for the people did not think so poorly of them as to suppose that a hickory shirt and the absence of a collar would help his argument. We have seen that his point was the death of slavery. The war came, and he said after Sumter: "Slavery will not last five years." He saw a way of saving liberty and the Union, and he gave himself no rest. He pleaded for the emancipation and arming of slaves. In his fierce impatience at the recall of Fremont, who had proclaimed freedom in Missouri,

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and at the delayed justice and also policy, he once called Abraham Lincoln an "old turtle." But the patient and wiser president came at last to the end. The Massachusetts Fifty-fourth colored regiment, led by Colonel Shaw, marched from Boston southward, and Othello's occupation was gone.

There is a sort of sadness after a battle is gained. "What's done is won. Joy's soul lies in the doing." The old abolitionists felt like soldiers disbanded. I remember when we were mustered out and paid off. A comrade put his hand upon my shoulder and said with pathos, "Captain, we are out of a job." When a man has been a part of a great thing, the greatest in American history, what will he do? All other things are less, and however well he does them he seems a smaller figure in the doing. The picture of General Grant will not represent him standing on Wall street making a trade. Appomatox is higher ground and the conditions of the surrender of Lee and his legions are the words we shall remember. We had one American who retired gracefully—George Washington, and we have had another—William T. Sherman. But we

could hardly expect that the eager, ardent spirit of Wendell Phillips could brook the quiet of a private life. Beside the love of justice he loved the battle and exulted at the sound of the trumpet. He was like old Caleb and would have chosen as he did for his inheritance, not a peaceful valley, but a steep, wild mountain inhabited by giants. Of course they ought to be slain, but there is also great pleasure in slaying them.

By mighty letters, by indignant voice, Wendell Phillips has made it safe for all of us to say a few mild words for the Indian race. He flashed the light on the dark and deep dungeons of the czar himself in a prison. He entered into the life and toil and despair of the people of Ireland, and, touched by a feeling of their infirmities, pleaded their cause most powerfully. And the people of Ireland know it, and their tears fall on his grave. He stood for the rights of labor; he felt that on the side of the oppressors there is power organized, and that nothing can meet this power but intelligent organization of all those whose only capital is their muscle and their skill.

Phillips believed in the people; not that they were right, but, as General Dumont said, that "They would wobble right." And in storm and in calm he believed in America—that the fulfillment must be on the grand scale of the preparation. The final clause of one of his orations comes to my mind—"The Almighty did not wake Niagara to sing her requiem, or scoop the Mississippi for her grave."

The soldier of light and liberty being dead, the body was laid in state and the people came in multitudes. All sorts and conditions of men: the dignitaries of society and state, working-men in their working clothes, thousands of colored people and all the school children. One old black woman looked at the noble face, clothed in the majesty of death, and said, "God bless him; he's in de New Jerusalem, shoah." And they spoke of him as they stood in knots on the mournful streets as "Our Wendell Phillips."

My friends, it does not much matter that he did not sit in senates, does it? A man that all the people love is governor enough. He is the governor. A man is not governor when he has to have half-a-dozen policeman

look after him when he chops down a tree, and about the same number guard him when he goes to church. He is not an emperor when his subjects are hunting him with hand grenades. Phillips's election is not contested. The scenery about the coffin was well chosen and well placed. The old, torn battle flag of the Fifty-fourth colored regiment, held by a dead hand in the bloody ditch of Wagner, was on one side; on the other a harp woven of smilax and ivy, and laurel, and crowned with shamrock, a harp with silver strings, one of them snapped. The name of the giver was across the base, spelled and written in pansies, "Ireland."

It was a stormy, dark day, but at the last the sun came out and shone in, and so between battle flag and harp, gifts of the brave and poor, and bathed in sunlight, we leave the great dead.

XIV

NIGHT AND SLEEP AND REST

"Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life,
Doe greatly please."

IN Sunday-school long ago I remember to have heard this read from an ancient book: "And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there." It gave me an unpleasant impression of a country of no sleep, of blazing sunlight. There are things pleasant and good, that are not pleasant and good in themselves. They derive their quality from what goes before and from what comes after. Considered by itself, night is not good. Dr. Hayes writes of the long night in the Arctic Ocean: "The long darkness brought fear with it, and weakness, and seemed at last the shadow of death." The men became bloodless, colorless as potato sprouts in a cellar. Men, dogs and sea-birds, white bear and walrus waited for the

first red ray as Robinson Crusoe waited for a sail. They climbed to the summit of the tallest iceberg, and when the thin edge of the sun appeared they cheered it—the flag of life. Considering what the sun does, we do not wonder at sun worshipers. There is no wheat in the field, no play of lambs, no chatter of children or thought of mind or heart's ease without sunshine. Light and heat and motion are one. There is nothing jovial about an eclipse of the sun. Nature seems in a dead faint.

Night is not good in itself; it confuses the order of the day. The traveler stumbles on the highway. It conceals traps, pitfalls and ambuscades. Night is the bushwhacker's opportunity. It dims familiar landmarks and headlands, erases the letters on guideboards, and the prairie becomes a pathless sea. The night brings with it a sense of insecurity. It tends to make a brave man a coward. He turns the dog loose, sinks his voice and walks in the middle of the road. The little girl inquires of her brother, "Ben, have you said your prayers this morning?" "Oh no, any little boy can take care of himself in day-time."

The gates of Jerusalem are shut at night. If you are outside at sunset you will stay outside with the Bedouins; perhaps they will not do a thing to you. But it is on record that a citizen of Dakota made a gate of Jerusalem open after night. He stood outside and talked Western American with such vigor that the gate opened.

I can see the detail of the regiment for picket duty marching out to their place at the dark, strange and lonesome cross-roads. They go quietly, they walk softly. The story-teller of the regiment is for once silent. He steps on a dead and fallen branch, and it cracks like a rifle. His heart is in the right place, but it is not easy.

Watching by the sick, how unearthly long it is from midnight until morning! Two o'clock A. M. is the worst hour to be awake in. The vital forces are at their lowest. The day dawns, the shadows flee away, hope comes back and the invalid thinks he can take a little beef-tea.

It is singular how full of noises the night is. A small cricket can secure and hold the attention of an immortal soul.

Night and Sleep and Rest

"The twilight is the morning of his day,
  While Sleep drops seaward from the fading
    shore,
  With purpling sail and dip of silver oar,
He cheers the shadowed time with roundelay,
Until the dark east softens into gray.
  Now as the noisy hours are coming—hark!
  His song dies gently—it is getting dark—
His night, with its one star, is on the way.

"Faintly the light breaks o'er the blowing oats—
  Sleep, little brother, sleep; I am astir.
Lead thou the starlit nights with merry notes,
And I will lead the clamoring day with rhyme:
  We worship Song, and servants are of her—
I in the bright hours, thou in shadow-time."

An arc light is an assistance to good morals. There are trades to which darkness is a necessity. A burglar must have light; but he is a monopolist. He wants his very own light. There are two sorts of people out at night—a few, only a few, we hope, prefer darkness to light. And there are an increasing number of people who have no choice. Out-of-doors day and night is their wide home. Plenty of out-of-doors in winter, and hunger and dirt will turn a philosopher into a thief. I hear of a good deal of petty larceny on these cool nights, not for the sake of anything

stolen, but simply for the chance of breaking into a good warm jail. Cardinal Manning, at the age of eighty, announced that a man willing to work and not able to find work, had still a right to live. The human society that causes a tramp to be, is considered by heads and hearts to be out of order. Such a state of society needs prompt reconstruction. Such society the twentieth century will set in order. As things are now, with so many of the disinherited out of doors, I praise arc lights.

But relatively the night has a blessed side. It is a fine contrivance for those who are tired and who know the way to bed. There are things going before night that make it grateful. If God's great book should say, "There shall be no night here," it would sound to most of us like a curse. Night in a measure enforces rest. Perhaps a hard master would work a tired slave longer, but he is not able —the sun is down, the moon is not risen— slave nor master can see. Both leave the field.

When night falls (Victor Hugo says night rises) the mother quail gathers her scared and scattered brood. Pointers and setters and

men in tan-colored clothes have left the stubble and corn-stalks and gone home to lie about their shooting. The sun is set, and then you can hear the worried gray mother piping in the cover, "Children, come home" —they gather and she calls the roll of the covey, happy if they all answer. There is safety and peace until morning.

As a rule, toil stops when night arrives—not in printing offices and smelters and mines, nor with engine-drivers—but as a rule night means home and sleep. The child of the factory has been watching broken threads and tying knots and listening to whirling spindles and flying shuttles of over-production. The cool darkness falls like a benediction of God. She has breathed cotton fuzz and smelled oil enough for one day.

The great captain prays for "night or Blucher." There is no gain in night fighting; the bugle sounds truce; the wounded soldier, on whom the sun had no pity, prays for the darkness and the dew. It is said that Joshua had his day of battle extended. Any day of hard battle seems an incredibly long day to a soldier. Perhaps it was an extended day

in Joshua's mind. "As a man thinketh, so is he," and to him so it is. Enough is enough; a man can not be brave for twenty-four hours at a stretch. I have heard in the night a runaway six-mule team stampede a veteran brigade. They had plenty of courage and discipline, but not enough sleep.

It is confessed that St. Peter was brave enough to die for his Master, but he could not keep awake for Him. He denied Him; but it was about two o'clock in the morning, and his sleep had been broken. He had eaten no breakfast and was cold. It was dark and he was alone; the cause seemed lost and so he said, "What's the use; I go a-fishing." Give Simon Peter Custer's cavalry and daylight, and he would have done the proper thing.

An eight-hour shift is long enough for any kind of work and too long for some kinds. Sleep is imperative—if all sentinels who slept on duty had been shot, trade in Grand Army buttons would be light.

Sleep insists; one can put off hunger and thirst, but not sleep. The tired children of the earth, worn with work, all watch the sun

going down, and, when he falls like a plummet into the west, are glad.

"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way."

He goes home and does chores for a few hours and is finally done. The farmer's wife washes the dishes, sets the dough, lights another candle and slips a small gourd down into the battered heel of her husband's sock and begins to darn. But some time or other the place is dark for a few hours and still.

The night works wonders of healing and reinforcement. The parched corn-leaves unroll. The crinkled wheat straightens. There is dew on the mown grass, and a wearing o' the green. The face of nature is washed and her soul restored for the trouble of the day. But I find this better said in 1596 by R. Griffin:

"Care-charmer sleep, sweet ease in restless misery,
The captive's liberty, and his freedom's song,
Balm of the bruised heart, man's chief felicity,
Brother of quiet death, when life is too, too long.
A comedy it is, and now an history;
What is not sleep unto the feeble mind?
It resteth him that toils, and him that's sorry;
It makes the deaf to hear, to see the blind."

Telepathy must have been at work in the

days of Poet Griffin, or perhaps he had been to the theater on a Shakespeare night. His lines remind us of the

"Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care.
Sore labor's bath, balm of hurt minds,
Great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

And perhaps Shakespeare had read the great lines of Philip Sidney:

"Come, sleep! O sleep, the certain knot of peace.
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low."

Sidney, Shakespeare and Griffin are able to say what we all know. To-night (and the night is cold) I saw a tramp asleep in the stairway of an apartment block. He was protected on two sides of him, but that seemed ample. His face had a contented, serene look. He was asleep and had forgotten "the curse of the wandering foot." He had floated out of sight and sound of his poverty. A little after I met the servant of one of our very best people on his way to wake up the night clerk of a drug store to procure some bromide for his sleepless and tormented mas-

ter. It is not known what made the great man sleepless. Perhaps he had heard that his neighbor was getting ahead of him. "The triumphs of Miltiades suffered him not to sleep."

> "Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
> To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
> And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
> Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
> Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

I have heard of a book with the title "The Insomnia of Shakespeare." Upon my word, I have not read the book. I think I could have written it myself. Shakespeare speaks so often in praise of sleep that I reckon he was well acquainted with the lack of it. I suppose he had tried the various expedients to woo the blessed and shy thing. He had tried counting sheep jumping over a bar, practiced deep breathing, wet his head, and then jammed his head down into the pillow and said improper words. "Blessed be the man who invented sleep; it covers a man all over like a cloak," said Sancho Panza; and many of us say far otherwise than blessed be the people who make a monopoly of the article.

There is only enough of sleep, fairly shared, to go round.

There are compensations. The man who retires at a fixed hour, sleeps seven hours, then rises at a certain minute and shaves himself, is apt to be conceited all the forenoon and stupid all the afternoon.

In these days of hyper-hygiene, if I want to take a nap after dinner I am told that it is unhealthy to sleep when you want to sleep.

It seems, from his performance, that Shakespeare managed somehow and at some time to sleep. He tried to write and the plot of the play was tangled. He had to clear the boards of a wicked king and queen and Laertes and Hamlet. He did not see how it was to be done; he went and lay down. There is much in that.

I am told in a little book named "Power Through Repose" that when I sit I am to let the chair support me. I am not to wiggle my foot nor drum with my fingers. I am tired—I am to sit, and sit down. It is not necessary at such a time to chew gum. Let the jaw enter into rest. In a district school that I remember, when the time came to fol-

low the master's copy—"Procrastination is the thief of time," each child grabbed his quill pen and put out his tongue. The whole body and mind worked. There is a more excellent way. We are beginning a journey from New York to San Francisco. We will do well to adjust our minds to the fact that for some thousands of miles we have nothing to do except to live and be agreeable. We do not sit on the edge of the seat and push the train. Let the locomotive get tired. We are not to suffer our minds to go over again a disagreeable experience of the past.

In Egypt, regret is numbered among forty-two deadly sins. One of their chief commandments is "Thou shalt not consume thine heart." Why tread a painful path twice? We are not to project our minds to the end of the journey our bodies must make. Life is not long enough to do the same work twice. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and the good thereof also. We never die of the evil of to-day—the real present thing; we survive that and waste away thinking of yesterday's trouble, which has ceased to be, and

of to-morrow's trouble, which has not arrived.

Shakespeare laid himself down and slept, and slept well, and when he awoke the fifth act of Hamlet was play to him. He could not write fast enough. It was as a bird flies. We are asked to do something—make a speech at a certain time. It is impossible; but we are polite and we say, "Come again in the morning." The speech at night is like the federal army at Shiloh—it is all there, but who knows where it is? It is a mob. But in time of two days and two nights it begins to look like an army.

The opinion of a vexed and tired man as to the state of a nation or of mankind is of little worth.

I used to watch the driver of six horses. He would have a load of four to seven tons of rock. He knew exactly when to stop and block his wheels. He never let his horses get discouraged. He would stop them, then ease their hot collars and pat them, let them breathe deeply, then straighten them out and whisper to them—and those tons of rock would go up the hill. If only great emperors

and presidents knew when to stop! Pharaoh and Belshazzar, Charles I and Louis the Magnificent did not know when to stop. In 1793 poor, ignorant, king-ridden, class-ridden Frenchmen knew more than their drivers. Then came a day when they stopped. They ripped up the Bastile as if it had been wet paper. The man who said, "Let the people eat grass," had a wisp of grass in his mouth on his way to have his senseless head chopped off. People who drive have need of much wisdom. I have seen a mule get even with a bad driver. He waited nearly three years, and then he planted his kick in the right place. He got more than even. Tired people must be permitted a rest.

One of the great sentences of the Bible is, "So He giveth His beloved sleep." The Hebrew is better: "So He giveth His beloved while they sleep." I remember being on the wrong side of a Southern river, one of a slim garrison of eleven hundred men. In front of us were twenty-five thousand Confederates. I went to sleep thinking of home and Andersonville. When I woke we were a garrison of five thousand men; reinforce-

ments had arrived in the night. There were gun boats on the river, and the flag on the blockhouse streamed defiant.

The boy goes trout fishing and tramps and gropes miles among the hot alders and mosquitoes. Sometimes his hook is fast to a tree-top, sometimes in his trousers, sometimes in his thumb. The flies make him temporarily unfit for Sunday-school, and he swears that when the Catholics persecuted the Protestants, and the Protestants persecuted the Catholics, and all the ecclesiastics were most inventive of torment, they forgot the black-fly. Even the gentle Père Marquette was much ruffled by this insect. The boy goes a-fishing; he uses up his bait, his oil of tar and pennyroyal; hooks a six-inch chub, and throws away his bait-can and pole and plods homeward, entering the village by a back street. The conceit is all taken out of him. He looks as if returned from the inspection of a purchased and salted mine. He thinks, with a well-planted thought, that he will never go a-fishing any more forever. But he eats and sleeps, and strength and hope flow into that boy. The next morning

you see him with a new kind of bait again in the hot alders—the night has reinforced him. The exhausted garrison at sundown sullenly lowers the flag. In the stillness and darkness, the means of to-morrow's victory march in.

In the Indian mutiny the situation at Lucknow was black.

> "Round and round the Indian tiger
> Louder yelled and nearer crept."

But when the sun had risen the Indian tiger saw the face of a soldier of the Ninety-third Highlanders and felt his bayonet, and did not yell or creep any more.

Says Goethe: "Human nature possesses wonderful powers and has something good in readiness for us when we least hope for it. There have been times in my life when I have fallen asleep in tears; but in my dreams the most charming forms have come to console and cheer me, and I have risen the next morning fresh and joyful."

A woman said of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night": "Ca' that poetry? I've seen that a hundred times." The cares of the week are folded up and laid aside. The

children from their work on the country-side are all come home. It is a pleasant picture, father and mother, children and dog and holy Bible:

"The younger cottagers retire to rest.
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clamorous cry
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide,
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine
preside."

But that family is in Scotland and Scotland is in the world, and there is death in the world. I notice that Jesus Christ and His kind of people speak of death as a sleep. Jesus said of Lazarus dead, "He sleepeth." And the disciples said, "If he sleep he shall do well." They were wise; there is nothing better than sleep. "The great want," says Hawthorne, "which mankind labors under at this present period is sleep. The world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow and take an age-long nap." Not until we sleep are we aware of the speed of the mind. The bugle

sounds "Halt," and the tired soldier lies down face to the earth and sleeps and dreams.

"Sleep on, boy in blue,
And dream the dream through."

In sixty minutes the bugle sounds "Attention," and "Column forward." But in that three-minute dream the boy has gone from Georgia to Michigan, seen his mother and sweetheart and the neighbors, attended spelling-school, and had, in fact, a solid, well-packed twenty-days' furlough.

"Death," says Ben Franklin, "is as essential to a man's constitution as sleep."

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

"To sleep! to sleep! the long, bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.
To sleep! to sleep!

"Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
To sleep! to sleep!

"Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past.
Sleep, happy soul! all life will sleep at last.
To sleep! to sleep!"

XV

EASTER

SOME things we reason out; by mental effort we arrive at some kinds of truth. But there is a kind of truth that seems to come from without, from above. We do not find it, it finds us. As the Quakers say, "It is borne in upon us." Those are convictions that do not rest on arguments. They are not built from the ground up. They descend on the mind. They flash like the star that led the wise men. They speak like the voices to the shepherds. They appear in the risen Lord to Mary.

There is nearly an universal conviction, or persuasion, that life is more than death, that death is an incident of life. At the funeral of a Chippewa Indian, when the grave was made, I said to the father of the dead man, "He is in there, is he?" "Yes," he said, "but his ponemah is not there." "Ponemah" means dream. He said, the best he could to me: "His body is here, but his dream has risen."

Dust to dust, but the spirit to God. I thought at the time of the saying of Shakespeare, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

If it were a methodical question I was considering I would take it to mathematicians, but this question of continuance of life must be taken to people of vision, of insight. What does genius think about death? What do the writers say? You never say that a thing is as bright as a doubt, or as hot as a negative. Doubt suggests smoke. There is no light, nor heat, nor motion in unbelief. There is light and heat and motion in the lonely conviction of Columbus. It discovers a world.

There will never be a martyr for the doctrine that life ends in a hole, that death is a dead wall. Men will talk that doctrine (admittance to the hall $1), but they never will fight for it. The crusaders went away singing to win the grave forsaken by the Lord, but there will never be a crusade to win a grave where life stops.

But to get to my question. What do bright people say? I find them, with excep-

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tions, believing in God and the soul. I shall not set things down in proper order, but as they lie in my memory and in handy books.

I begin with this, written by a friend who dedicated his only book to an only child:

"TO MAUD.

"A pinkish-brown, day-old baby,
Lying on a pillow,
Like some queer shell cast on the sand
By a mighty ocean billow."

Here is some of his prose: "The coming of the spring is of vast moment to farmers and to northern lumbermen and fishermen who are waiting for the streams to break up. Its chief value with me, however, lies in the fact that it brings the report, or rather, confirming the old report, that God is well and that the universe is just as sound as ever.

"The sun, whirling upward toward his summer place, the fields and streams cleared promptly for action, the grass sprouting up with all its ancient power and freshness, all these show an unabated vigor, show that God is not getting feeble."

This writer had, I think, been reading Browning.

"God in His heaven,
All's right with His world."

Here is some of his poetry:

"SIGNS OF SPRING.

"Sugar makers wading in the snow
Scattering their buckets as they go;
Sap of maple glinting on the spout,
Smoke of camp-fire and the woodman's shout;
Cawing crows among the oaks,
Marshes muttering twilight croaks;
Day god mounting high and higher,
Giving light more mixed with fire;
Hand grips mystic and Masonic,
Love that's growing less platonic;
Sunny banks all brown with leaves,
Farmers chopping in their sleeves;
Life has come and hellebore,
Faith is up—despair is o'er."

People say of preachers they are hired to proclaim hope and faith. Henry D. Thoreau had no church to work for or defend Here is an extract from his last letter:

You ask particularly after my health. I suppose I have not many months to live, but, of course, I know nothing about it. I may add that I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing.

Yours truly,
HENRY D. THOREAU,
by SOPHIA E. THOREAU.

He was, you know, a neighbor of Emer-

son and like-minded. He had heard his great teacher say: "Never strike sail to a fear. Come into port grandly or sail with God the seas."

Emerson said of a man: "He is a poet, he has written one good line." This is the line:

"If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea."

He was very fond of the saying of Schiller: "Death can not be an evil, because it is universal."

There have not been many brighter women than Adelaide Proctor. My eye falls upon this:

"Our God in Heaven, from that holy place,
To each of us an angel guide has given;
But mothers of dead children have more grace,
For they give angels to their God and Heaven.
She knows that when the mighty angels raise
Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone
Is hers forever, that one little praise,
One little happy voice, is all her own."

But some one is sure to remind me of George Eliot, one of the greatest of women. We spent a good deal of a day one summer in finding her house in Cheyne Walk, and her other house in High Gate cemetery. Some

one is sure to remind me of her distinct doubt of any personal life in the great sea towards which we flow. But the last book she held in her hand was Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ." Who can tell? Some have walked into Christ and talked with Him, and their hearts have burned within them, but their eyes were holden that they should not know Him.

I am reminded of George Eliot's grand neighbor, who lived just around the corner, Thomas Carlyle. He said: "Man, is, properly speaking, based upon hope. He has no other possession but hope. This world of his is emphatically the place of hope." As Carlyle sits in bronze on the great embankment, with a pile of books under his chair, looking out on London, he seemed to me to be waiting for spring—waiting "until the day break and the shadows flee away."

> "Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
> With an individual kiss."

So John Milton harked forward.

Shelley was infidel as to the state of his time and the church of his time, but read his "Song to the Sky Lark" and "The Sensitive

Plant." These are some words of his: "For love and beauty and delight there is no death nor change."

Two days before death Socrates said: "If death be a removal from here to another place, and if all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this, my judges? I go to meet them and to converse with them and get acquainted with all the great men that have been the glory of the past and that have died by the unjust sentence of their time."

No one I have mentioned has a surer grip of the future than Swedenborg. He is writing up what some of us call "the undiscovered country." He says: "There are societies there whose employments are to take care of infants. There are other societies whose employments are to instruct and educate boys and girls. All and each are coordinated and subordinated according to Divine order and, taken together, make and perfect the general use, which is the general good."

How reasonable that is. The penitent thief is sorry enough, but he surely needs teaching. Paul can still lead his beloved Phillippians

from grace to grace and from strength to strength. There will be plenty to learn ten thousand years from now. The light of a star has just reached us that set out for the earth before Adam went forth from the garden.

Walt Whitman treats death as a part of life. He saw

"Good in all;
In the satisfaction and aplomb of animals,
In the annual return of the seasons,
In the hilarity of youth,
In the strength and flush of manhood,
In the grandeur and exquisiteness of old age,
In the superb vistas of death;
Wonderful to depart,
Wonderful to be here.

"And I say to mankind,
Be not curious about God,
For I who am curious about each,
Am not curious about God—
No array of terms can say how
Much I am at peace about God and about myself.

"Night on the prairies,
The supper is over,
The fire on the ground burns low—
The wearied emigrants sleep
Wrapt in their blankets;
I walk by myself;
I stand and look at the stars;
Now I absorb immortality and peace—

I was thinking the day most splendid
Till I saw what the night exhibited.
O, I see that life can not exhibit all to me,
As the day can not;
I see that I am to wait for
What shall be exhibited by death."

Here is his death song:

"Now finale to the shore;
Now land and life finale and farewell;
Now voyager depart;
Much, much, for thee is still in store.
Often, enough hast thou
Adventured o'er the seas,
Cautiously cruising, studying the charts,
Duly again to port and hawser's tie returning;
But now obey thy cherished secret wise,
Embrace thy friends, leave all in order;
To port and hawser's tie no more returning
Depart upon they endless cruise, old sailor."

I have had that feeling. I hate to turn back when I walk into a strange country. I want to see what is beyond the next turn in the road. We like to discover, invent, explore. After a week's ride I was in San Francisco and for the first time on the edge of the Pacific. The ship Three Brothers was just lifting her anchors to sail away for the Sandwich Islands. I wanted to go aboard and sail with her.

It is a far cry from the twentieth century American Walt Whitman back to Marcus Aurelius, but we can not spare his fine saying: "It were glad to die if there be gods; it were sad to live if there be none."

I dislike to hear that the region beyond death is like Canada or Mexico, a place for rascals and deserters to sneak into and hide. I do not believe that a man can dead-beat his way in the old world and in the new world and in the world to come. What Victor calls the public conscience insists on compensation. I like Sir Thomas Browne. He never saw a tramway, but he said:

"Be like a neighbor unto death. And since there is something in us that must still live on, join both lives together, unite them in thy thoughts and actions and live in one but for the other. He who thus ordereth the purposes of this life will never be far from the next, and is in some manner already in it by a happy conformity and close apprehension of it."

Sir Thomas Browne had been meditating on the verse in the New Testament which mentioned "having our conversation in Heaven."

We need to live as they live on the border. A Canadian-Frenchman can make himself understood in northern Vermont, and the Vermonter of a frontier town can patter a little French when he finds himself over the line. This is better told by a poem of one of our poets who lives in Denver (Cy. Warman), but for the time being sojourns in Creede:

"Canst picture, said a friend to me,
The joy of what is yet to be?
Canst thou describe eternity?

"Dost thou believe that when we take
That last long sleep, a day shall break
The dreamless night? Shall we awake?

"Tell me, with reason in thy rhyme,
Dost think there 'll be no end of time,
Nor end of bliss in that blest clime?

"I do not know for sure, I said.
I know not those whose light feet tread
Yon shore; I know the dead are dead.

"I've seen the summer birds take wing
When winter came, and in the spring
Come back again to soar and sing.

"I've seen the red rose in the glen
Hid 'neath the hoar frost die, and then
In brighter hours bloom again.

"I've seen a soul freed from the clay
That held it here, reach far away,
Take up its harp and start to play.

"I've seen a mother die, and she,
When came to her what must to me,
Looked, laughing, toward eternity.

"And I can see while roses bloom,
Where roses fade thro' life's long gloom,
A gleam of hope beyond the tomb.

"But whatsoe'er the future be,
If there's a life for you and me
To last thro' all eternity,

"'Twere well to keep this point in view:
Do unto man, thy whole life through,
As thou wouldst have him do to you.

"And then, when thou art o'er the range,
Where all are good, tho' many strange,
Thou mayst not feel too great the change."

We are not so utterly slaves of sense, are we, that we must take hold of hands to realize one another?

In a Wisconsin village were two friends—comrades, rather. We met together nearly every day for a couple of years, sat together nearly every evening, loved the same books. Since then, we have gone bodily many miles apart. We do not meet for years. Write may be, a letter a year, but when we meet, it is as if we had parted last night; no surprise at all. We do not begin where we left off

twenty years ago. We have been walking along on the same road. I have no trouble in realizing him from day to day. It is not his bodily appearance that I am attached to. If he should cross the ocean it would make no difference. If he should cross death it would make no difference.

I live now more than half the time with people out of sight. I live a good deal with people I have never seen. I get acquainted with a man's thoughts, read his books and works and become his friend. We were a long way off from Gordon in the Soudan, from Dr. Kane in the Arctic, from Livingstone in Africa, but in sympathy we were close to these lonely men. My father never saw Henry Clay, but when the great commoner was defeated he took to his bed. Love does not depend on dust or anything that is going to be dust.

Practically I live in the same house with the men who made my books. I am a friend to many a man whom I only know through magazines or newspapers. We assemble around us a company of the like-minded, living and dead. It does not make much

difference whether Emerson crosses the ocean to see Carlyle or not. The two men touch across the Atlantic. In deepest things they are in the same house.

Bodies are not fixed things. I die daily. The body is like a river, always being fed. The body is of the nature of the hair on the floor of a barber shop. Perennial life is the thing to care about.

What are the solid things associated with Jerusalem? Not walls nor temple. These so-called solid things have melted like snow. What are the solid things? Words, songs of David and singing of David's greater son. Words made out of air; these outlast rock, marble, cedars of Lebanon.

"There is no vacant chair; the loving meet,
A group unbroken, smitten who knows how?
One sitteth silent only, in his usual seat;
We gave him once that freedom, why not now?

"Death is a mood of life; it is no whim
By which life's giver mocks a broken heart.
Death is life's reticence, still audible to him;
The hushed voice happy speaketh on apart.
There is no vacant chair; to love is still to have."

A few years ago two friends and myself were riding from Glenwood to Leadville, hunt-

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ing and fishing on the way. On the last day, having thirty miles to ride into Leadville, we missed our road. After awhile I asked a man we met "Where does this road lead to?" He said: "To the Mount of the Holy Cross," and we three turned back when I heard that. One of the three is dead. I think of him simply as riding alone on that road, the road to the Mount of the Holy Cross. Here is his last letter to anyone:

DEAR REED—I have gathered together all the pieces of the Arnold fishing rod, put them in their original case, added a reel bought of the old man at St. Johns and a net. They will be made ready for you. As you will judge, I have no longer any use for them. The trail has come to an end; makes me think of Francois. No pain, no anxiety, not a particle of question. Heavy fever; one hundred and four or five degrees. Intimate nothing to anybody until you get some official notice. Hope you will have a good conference of charities. Hard work, lots of pleasure, too much to do, too few to do it; opening up troops of friends on every side.

Everything is prepared for this side—no questions, no fears. Love to wife, and Ruth, and Paul and Ralph. Paul will make it at Troy; strong nature. Good-bye. McCULLOCH.

Death has been reported to drive a man in on himself. Here was a man about to die, thinking of everything but himself; of Major

Arnold, his friend, who made the rod that has thrown its shadow into many rivers. Thinking of Francois, an Indian with us on the Nipigon, at whose death-bed we sat. He said: "Sorry, boys; but I can't go up there no more," and shook our hands, holding in his left hand a little crucifix. Thinking of the kindly old man of St. Johns, New Brunswick. Thinking of the Nineteenth Conference of Charities and Correction to be held next June. Thinking of the children he had known since they were born, all of them baptized into the name of Jesus Christ by him.

The power of death to create a panic in the soul of a man whose life has been affirmative is much overrated. There was in Indianapolis in my time a man whose face and figure were familiar and welcome in the state and county, and on the day of this man's funeral James Whitcomb Riley set this down:

"I can not say, and I will not say,
That he is dead. He is just away.

"With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,

"And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

"And you, oh you! who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,

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"Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of here;

"And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior strength to his country's foes:

"Mild and gentle as he was brave,
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

"To simple things: Where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to,

"The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed.

"When the little brown thrush that harshly
chirred
Was dear to him as the mockingbird,

"And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.

"Think of him still as the same, I say,
He is not dead—he is just away."

I have tried to state the attitude of genius toward death. The poets have no cringing fear of it. They regard it as a ferry, as a sea to be crossed, as a range to be gone over. We are in no grave-yard to-day. We are not looking into a hole and listening to the sound of gravel on coffins. We are with a woman in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea. And the Lord she seeks in a grave calls her by name. Jesus saith unto her, "Mary." She turned herself and saith unto him, "Master."

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